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OCT. 1

VOGUE

SPECIAL BEAUTY ISSUE

WHAT THE EXPERTS CAN DO FOR YOUR LOOKS...

THE NEW VIVID HAIR...

FABULOUS NEW MAKEUP

CHOOSE YOUR OWN NOSE...
ADVICE FROM THE PLASTIC SURGEONS

THE LOOK IN SPAIN

MORE DASH THAN CASH
NIFTY FASHION





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MAX FACTOR
Aquarius
SPRAY COLOGNE MIST

MAX FACTOR
Aquarius
BODY GLEAMER

MAX FACTOR
Aquarius
BODY SPLASH
REFRESHIN
FRICTION LOTI

MAX FACTOR
Aquarius
BATH SPIRITS
EFFERVESCENT MINERAL BATH

Abandon yourself to the joyful spi

ARIUS

The first fragrance collection that steps from one world to another with a revelation of wonders for the bath and beyond.

Eight transcendent treatments gifted with the free-spirited Aquarius fragrance...embodying all that it means to be young and feminine in the dawning mystic age.

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SPRAY COLOGNE MIST: Surround yourself with a gentle mist of Aquarius and surrender to its heavenly vibrations.

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AFTER BATH POWDER: Pamper your skin with a smoothing, silkening fluff of this exquisitely sheer powder.

BODY SPLASH: Delight in the exhilarating tingle of this refreshing friction lotion and its tantalizing scent.

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Revillon

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Fernando Sanchez plotted it for us alone.

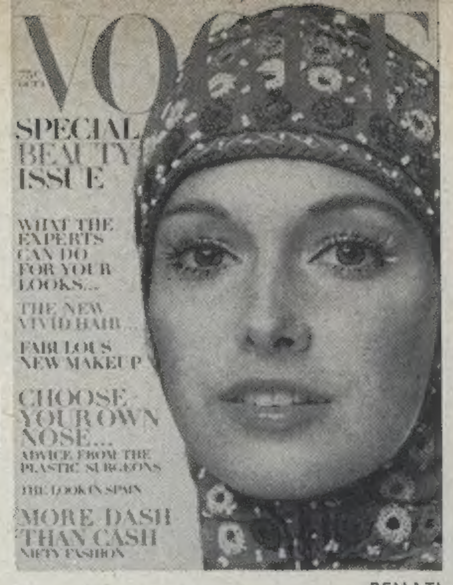
OCTOBER 1, 1970

AMERICAN
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INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

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PENATI

COVER: Vivid close little helmet from Northern India, embroidered and inset with mirrors—a delicious frame for some wildly colourful lashes. Fantasy Flirts in several shades and newest from Frances Denney, who also brushes on the rest of the colour as follows: Sultry Sienna Cheek Paints, Sultry Cinnabar Lip Paints, Taupe Incandescent lids, Tenderlight Incandescent foundation. . . . Odyssey cotton helmet, about $15. Henri Bendel; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin.

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Three extraordinary new 'fast-facials' that bring dramatically visible results to every skintype—*as close to 'salon techniques' as you can get*—all accomplished in the privacy of your own home.

Gentle Planing Facial. A unique 3-step lotion-and-cream facial that actually seems to 're-finish' the skin's surface. Very simply—and gently—it clears away dry, flaky skin (the dead outer layer) to reveal a fresh new layer beneath.

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and winter's too long
to go without
mink.

Scandinavian Mink Assn.



Coat by Ben Kahn

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Stanley korshak

AND CARDINALI THINK WOMEN ARE WONDERFUL

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Only **IBERIA AIR LINES** flies direct to the Costa del Sol from New York. Four miles west of Malaga is Torremolinos, one of the coast's liveliest resorts. **BERHANYER's** black pants and graceful yellow tunic make a dramatic statement amid the lush vegetation. Fabric by **CADENA.**



Spanish haute couture comes home to show off its glory in the Costa del Sol, that eternally sunny, 180-mile stretch of sandy beaches along the Mediterranean. Flying into Malaga, the coast's cosmopolitan capital, with **IBERIA AIR LINES**—long, green, many-pocketed coat and matching gaucho pants in suede by **MITZOU.**

ZIMA
CALIFORNIA · SEATTLE · PORTLAND · PHOENIX



Phoenician, Greek, Roman and above all Moorish civilizations have left their mark on the Costa del Sol. Here at Marbella, where the rich and famous hibernate via **IBERIA AIR LINES**, two exotic turnouts by **PERTEGAZ:** trousers and tunic in red and blue (left), also in violet and red. Fabric by **BOSCH.**



Sample Spanish hospitality aboard an **IBERIA AIR LINES** DC-8 jet, continue your love affair with Andalucian cuisine and wine in the romantic restaurants of the Costa del Sol. At La Fonda restaurant in Marbella, **CARMEN MIR's** black crepe dress with cowl neckline and plaited, fringed belt. Fabric by **BOSCH**.

IMAGE

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In the old quarter of the ancient, mountainous town of Ronda stands the Santa Maria la Mayor church, with its impressive tower. **IBERIA AIR LINES** will fly you to the miraculous Costa del Sol, great Spanish designers will dress you with rare distinction. Black evening suit with ruffly chiffon blouse by **BERHANYER.** Fabric by **CADENA.**



IBERIA AIR LINES promises you the romance of Spain
on every plane. The Costa del Sol extends that
experience with its grandeur and magnificence.
As curved as an arch in Ronda, trousers and long
tunic in red crepe with jeweled belt,
by **PERTEGAZ.** Fabric by **BOSCH.**

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New 'Moon Drops' Luminesque Lipfrosts

The first super-shine 'mirrorfrosts' for lips

Fact is, Luminesque is a totally *different* frost. 17 smashing colors that have never been frosted before. All silvered and shined—to give your lips more *lustre* than any frost you've ever seen. Glittery pinks. Clear, lustrous reds. An un-smoky salmon. And *plums* as only Revlon grows them.

Even the *lightest* shades never look white or 'chalky' on the mouth—as ordinary frosteds do. And they're all so *super-moist* they make dry lips a thing of the past.



String of Pearls	Iceblue Pink	Crystalcut Coral	CopperMine	Apple Polish
Gilt Edge Pink	Quicksilver Coral	Platinum Beige	24K Orange	Sugar Poppy
Silverfoil Pink	Salmon Ice	GingerGlaze	Snowsilver Rose	Mirrored Mauve
Zinc Pink	Grapeglass	*(In a 'Collectors' case. Brand new, burgundy and beautiful!)*		

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COTY ORIGINALS



ESPAÑA IN ESSENCE...*DIAGONAL*, THE PERFUME by PERTEGAZ



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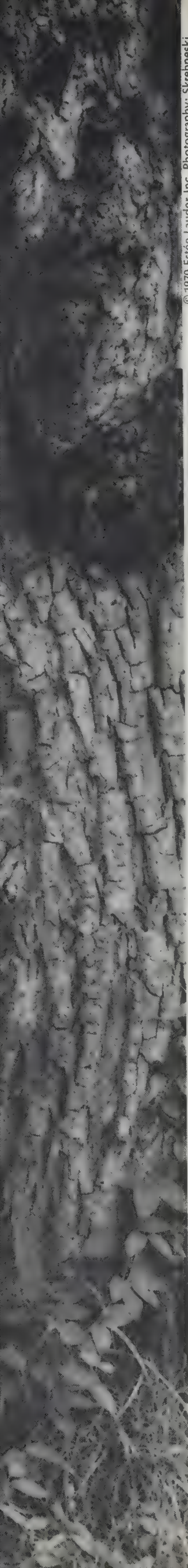


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Yes, freedom. Freedom from elaborate routines that tie you down. Her revolutionary skin care plan understands your life today. Lets you turn a quick morning-and-night face wash into a thorough beauty treatment.

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Then, Fresh Air Moisturizing Foam so lightweight it feels like a puff of mist on your skin Absorbs instantly leaving no trace behind, only a smooth silken glow. A perfect first for the skin that's never worn a moisturizer before.

Estée Lauder



The wild animals of South America.

It's summer and a proud mountain lion on skis roams the great snowy slopes of Portillo in Chile. Following a woman's tracks for miles. Back to her beautiful chalet. To drink warm Chilean wine in the shadow of the Andes.

This is no time to get cold feet.

In Buenos Aires, it's a different breed of cat. Wise to the ways of civilization. And the lure of exotic music in native discotheques. He likes to run away with his prey to a gorgeous resort called Mar del Plata. For big game action like baccarat.

Along the beaches of Copacabana and Ipanema there's no place a woman can hide from hundreds of dark, mysterious eyes. Watching her do what may be the world's wildest samba. In what may be the world's most romantic city. Rio.

And so it goes. In Punta del Este. In Cali. In Montevideo. In Guayaquil. In Lima. In all the spots where a girl's best friend is Lan's Guide to the Wild Animals of South America. One of 4 slightly mad brochures we'll send you before we send you to South America aboard a Boeing 707. With Chilean wine. And Latin spirit. And a Latin steward who might look like Fernando Lamas.

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as "reel" life... with stellar supporting performances by ANDREA'S match-the-mood eyelashes.

Andrea

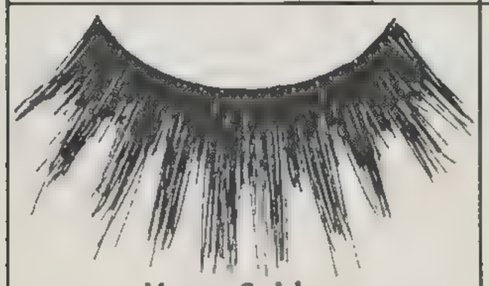
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Medium Spidery



Natural Heavy Flutters



Heavy Spidery



Natural Sunbursts



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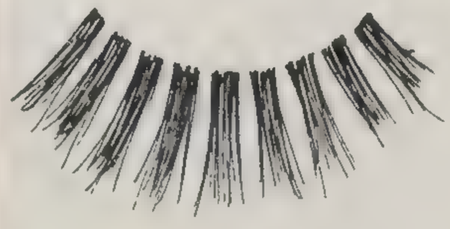


Natural Medium

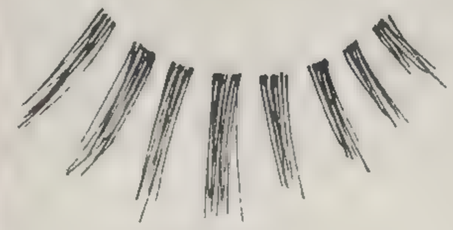




Butterflies



Heavy Exotics



Medium Exotics

ANDREA'S "HELLO-GOODBYE" LASH WARDROBE
...to match your MOOD OF THE MOMENT

Your personal ANDREA eyedresser is waiting to help you
match the lash to the mood—from the world's
greatest custom collection of one-of-a-kind looks.
For all the women you are...at the very best cosmetics counters.

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100% European Hair Eyelashes

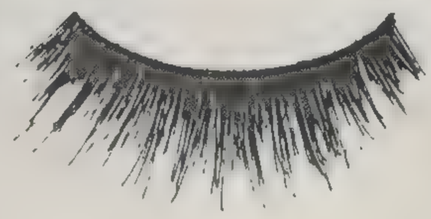




Long Janes



Sultry Points

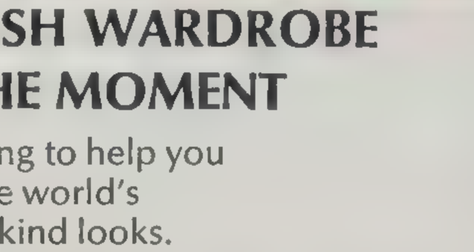


Sultry Fluffs

Natural Medium Flutters

Medium Demi Flutters

Natural Demi Sunbursts



Standard Sunbursts

Natural Medium Demi



Starlites



Lower Lid Regular

Lower Lid Long



Full Lowers

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"A woman's face, when it is naked, is like a calendar. A man reads it and tells her age. This is why a woman must learn to care for her face so she is beautiful even without makeup." Eve of Roma.

The eyes are deep. The mouth, chiseled. And then there is the skin. Glowing.

It is the fine-textured skin Roman women have prized and other women have envied since the days of the Caesars.

Such skin does not happen by accident. It requires dedication.

But in a city where mothers proudly teach their daughters it is a woman's duty to look beautiful, who would dare not make the effort?

To this beauty-worshipping city came a woman who knew better than anyone else how important beauty is to a woman. And further, she knew how to achieve it. Eve of Roma.

When she spoke, Roman women knew she understood them.

"We should always make up and look beautiful. However, the day is very long, and we should be able to do something good for our skin at the same time."

Really understood them.

"The best thing for everyone is a glass of red wine every day. It is very important to indulge oneself."

They gravitated to her salon in the Via Veneto as naturally as flowers turn to the sun.

Beautiful women all over the Continent realized something new was happening in Rome.

Soon, no beautiful woman could visit Rome without stopping in at 116 Via Veneto.

But now it's a little easier to have such skin. It is still rather expensive, you still must follow the regimen faithfully.

But now Eve of Roma products, still made only in Italy, are sold by her trained consultants in many fine American department stores.

Eve of Roma
116 Via Veneto, Roma



Cleansing

This is the foundation of beauty. For this we have created Cleansing Emulsion to gently dissolve your makeup, Cream Soap to deep cleanse and, for the delicate skin around the eyes, Eye Makeup Remover.

Freshening

Every skin needs freshening, especially after cleansing and before applying makeup. First, neutralize with Acida Lotion. Then, to freshen, we have Pink Lotion for oily skin, Apricot Lotion for normal skin and Herbal Lotion for dry skin.

Moisturizing

The proper moisturizer will help water penetrate your skin to keep it firm and youthful. It will also gently prepare your skin for your makeup. Choose Dew Hydrator or, for very dry skin, Semprebene.

Stimulating

A stimulating mask belongs in every beauty regimen. To help firm and nourish all types of skin, we have Divine Mask, Whipped Cream Mask, Fruit Mask, and Nutrimask. And for the neck and decolletage area, Skin Stimulant Lotion.

Conditioning

"Every skin should sleep naked." This is why Eve's rich night creams do their beautiful work in just 15 minutes. Crema Divina, Royal Occasion, Bellanotte. One of them has been created specifically for your skin type.

Available at Lord & Taylor, New York; Joseph Horne & Co., Pittsburgh; H. S. Pogue, Cincinnati; Denver Dry Goods, Denver; Goldwater's, Phoenix; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.

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Some things you decide with your heart.



The things that matter. Like your stainless.
We know. We make your heart's desire. Service for 8. From a simple $39.95.



Some things you decide with your heart.



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Portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein, Inc. Youngette dress, Donald Brooks Boutique. © 1970 Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

The bright new Youngette Face:

It's what the bold new length is leading up to!

Now that your body is under cover, your face is taking over.
Your bright, new, younger-than-ever Youngette Face!
This complete color transfusion in Illumination® Makeup is
as vital to your face as the longer length is to your body.
It's a vibrant look, color-keyed to the newest couture collections.

The Youngette Mouth is electrically charged!
Three new shades of Illumination Lipstick.
Electra-Lilac, tingling with frost. Electra-Violet,
the most unshrinking violet. Electra-Peony, lit with lavender.

The Youngette Cheeks are warmed with a
delicate blush of new Pink Lilac Souffle Cheek Color!

The Youngette Skin is glowingly alive with the
fine textured, lighter-than-air finish of Souffle Cream Foundation.

The Youngette Eyes smolder in smoke and frost!
Three new Eye Shadow Duo Compacts. Each with
two coordinated tones of creamy-powder shadow.

The total effect glows more. Shows more.
Because the look is up, when the Youngette Face is on!



Illumination Makeup

Helena Rubinstein

PIERRE CARDIN:
his first collection for bed and bath.

Permanent-press sheets and pillowcases, sheared woven towels with coordinating bathrugs (as shown) and shower curtains, printed towels and bath sheets, quilted bedspreads, printed blankets, solid-color blankets with embroidered bindings. Pink, Blue, Gold. Sheets from $6.50; bath towels from $4.00.
At the stores you love most.

Fieldcrest
A Division of Fieldcrest Mills, Inc.,
60 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

Pierre Cardin designs for the bath/Only Fieldcrest does it like this.

Are these absolutely marvelous hair sprays only for rich girls?

Of course not.

Even if you're not one of those pampered few who simply wouldn't be bothered with less than a Paris original, your cup of tea is still Allercreme Hair Spray.

After all, three dollars really isn't outrageous when you know how marvelous Allercreme really is. First of all, it's hypo-allergenic. Second of all, it's everything else a hair spray should be but seldom is. Gentle. Not sticky. Unscented (so *your* scent comes through)—or softly scented, if you want it that way. Easy to brush out—easy to wash out. And you can choose whatever formula suits you—Hard-To-Hold, Regular, or Natural Hold.

Every good pharmacy should have Allercreme Hair Sprays. If yours doesn't, insist on it. The man will order it for you. With the first application, you'll know why rich girls (with or without money) invest in Allercreme.

By the way, the smaller size is only two dollars.

ALLERCREME® HAIR SPRAYS



ALLERCREME Hypo-Allergenic COSMETICS: Lipsticks, Eye Make-Ups, Face Make-Ups, Cleansers, Lotions, Deodorants. Through pharmacies and drug stores.

Don't wear
our $20 face
with
someone else's
eyes and lips.



For the woman who buys the world's costliest makeup, our Countess Isserlyn, let us recommend the only lipstick and eye makeup that do it justice. Ours.

Both our new Alexandra de Markoff Lipstick and Eye Makeup are composed with the same insight into beauty as Countess Isserlyn. And with the same fanatic desire for perfection.

Our Lipstick comes in 19 colors ranging from barely perceptible to startling. Our Shadowcake in 9 subtle shades.

And, when compared with our Makeup, they're almost inexpensive.

The Lipstick costs $5, the Shadowcake $5 and the Eye Makeup Kit $10.

Alexandra de Markoff: There's only one thing that will make you more beautiful than using one of our products. Using them all.

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Alexandra de Markoff



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New Extra Rich Facial Pack from Shiseido



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* If you are not completely satisfied, return the garment (with sales slip) to the point of purchase within 90 days and you will be given a free replacement. Or, if you prefer, send the garment and the sales slip within the 90-day time period to Chadbourn Hosiery Company, P.O. Box 10337, Charlotte, N.C. 28201 for a free replacement. Chadbourn Hosiery Company, a division of Chadbourn, Inc.

Chadbourn, the pantyhose that's absolutely guaranteed* not to run...no matter what.

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S'Agaro: the unspoiled character of ancient Spain blended with the utmost comfort of modern living. **IBERIA** takes you in the most luxurious of DC-8 jets to this land that time forgot. At the Hostal de la Gavina in S'Agaro, a drift of black mantilla lace from **PERTEGAZ.** From the Spanish Collection now in the Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop.

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IBERIA flies you to more destinations in Spain than any other airline. Here, Tamariu on the Costa Brava. Once a small fishing village, more recently its luminous sands have been discovered by vacationers relishing its peace and quiet. In Tamariu, **LINO'S** dramatic assemblage in jet-embroidered wool with definitive wide belt.

IBERIA

International Airlines of Spain
Where only the plane
gets more attention than you.

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Tossa De Mar: asserting itself past and present, typified by the walled old city quarter, the grace of its white streets, the charm of the original fishing village. On the beach, **MITZOU'S** gypsy girl in tri-color suede with peplum jacket, dirndl skirt. From the Spanish Collection now in the Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop.

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Spain's ruggedly beautiful sun-washed Costa Brava . . .
IBERIA wings you there with the romance of Spain on every plane, pampering you with old world service and luxury. Overlooking the splendid curve of beach at Tossa De Mar on the Costa Brava, the exemplary Spanish cape from **SESEÑA.** From the Spanish Collection now in the Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop.

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Where only the plane
gets more attention than you.

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San Feliu de Guixols, with its superb beach, its delightful tangle of white streets and curio shops, it is one of the highlights of Spain's Costa Brava. Jet there on **IBERIA**... Spain is what Iberia knows best. Photographed in San Feliu, the jersey jumpsuit from **PEDRO ROVIRA** of Barcelona, covered with a multi-color coat in a hand-woven ropy tweed. From the Spanish Collection now in the Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop.

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The legend of old world service lives on board an **IBERIA AIRLINES** jet. For more of the Spanish timelessness and charm, Tamariu on the Costa Brava . . . brilliantly clear water, dazzling beach, ringed with tamarind trees. Shown there, **OSLO** of Barcelona's rabbit coats for the young crowd. Toddlers', 45.00; 3-6, 50.00. From the Spanish Collection now in the Jordan Marsh Children's Shops.

IBERIA

International Airlines of Spain
Where only the plane
gets more attention than you.

My new Amaranthe collection takes you back to nature. And that's what looking young is all about.

Dina Merrill

There's a simple beauty cycle nature meant for your skin. It must breathe, absorb, replenish. Every single day. That's the gift of looking young. And that's the purpose of my new beauty collection.

It's a new kind of skin care that takes you back to nature's cycle. Coaxes your skin to perform as nature meant it to. Nourishes your skin with pure, natural resources morning, noon and night. And it does all this as speedily, as simply as 1, 2, 3. (I've never believed in lengthy rituals, miracle ingredients, or harsh synthetics.)

Creme Soap gets nature's cycle going. It dives deep, bubbles up, rinses clear away with water. And it lets your pores breathe again.

Moisture Mantle keeps the cycle going. It sinks in, as if to form a reservoir your skin can draw on all day long.

Super Concentrate combines nature's finest youth-promoting oils, blended together in a special thermal process. Just put it on at night and let nature take its course. You won't seem a day older in the morning.

Start with these three treatments and in no time at all your skin will look great even before you put make-up on.

My new make-ups are dramatically different too. They're the first that actually complete nature's cycle instead of defeating it.

The *Face Make-Ups* (Liquid and Creme) moisturize as they cover and color. With delicacy and softness that nature at her best couldn't improve on. The *Eye Make-Ups* also brim with moisturizers. And the *Lipstick* is the kind you've been looking for for years. It glides on, stays where you put it, and doesn't change color in the middle of the day.

By the way, I've given my collection a somewhat exotic name. And I'd like to tell you why. There is a legend that when the Garden of Eden was closed, one flower was left blooming. It is called the Amaranthe . . . the flower that never fades. And I believe that with my new Amaranthe Collection of skin care and make-ups, a woman's beauty need never fade.



THIS FABULOUS FREE BONUS for nature-lovers: An elegant gift case, with travel sizes of Amaranthe Cleansing Concentrate, Freshener Lotion, Super Concentrate Night Cream and 'Transparent Tan' Gel will be sent to you with your order for $5.00 or more. Just fill in the coupon.

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Please send my free Amaranthe bonus with my order for:

Creme Soap ($6.00) ☐ Moisture Mantle ($8.50) ☐
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Liquid Make-Up ($5.00) ☐ Creme Make-Up ($6.50) ☐
in following shade:
Snow Peach (light) ☐ Creme of Beige (medium) ☐
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Discover the *now* California . . . as you discover The Broadway in The Trevira Era. Find the "State of Excitement" captured in every facet, by California's own stores.

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Live the full life via the skillfull hand of Norman Wiatt. His medallion jacquard patterned 3-piece "Weekender" of Trevira polyester explores with fashion ease. In misses sizes, 100.00.

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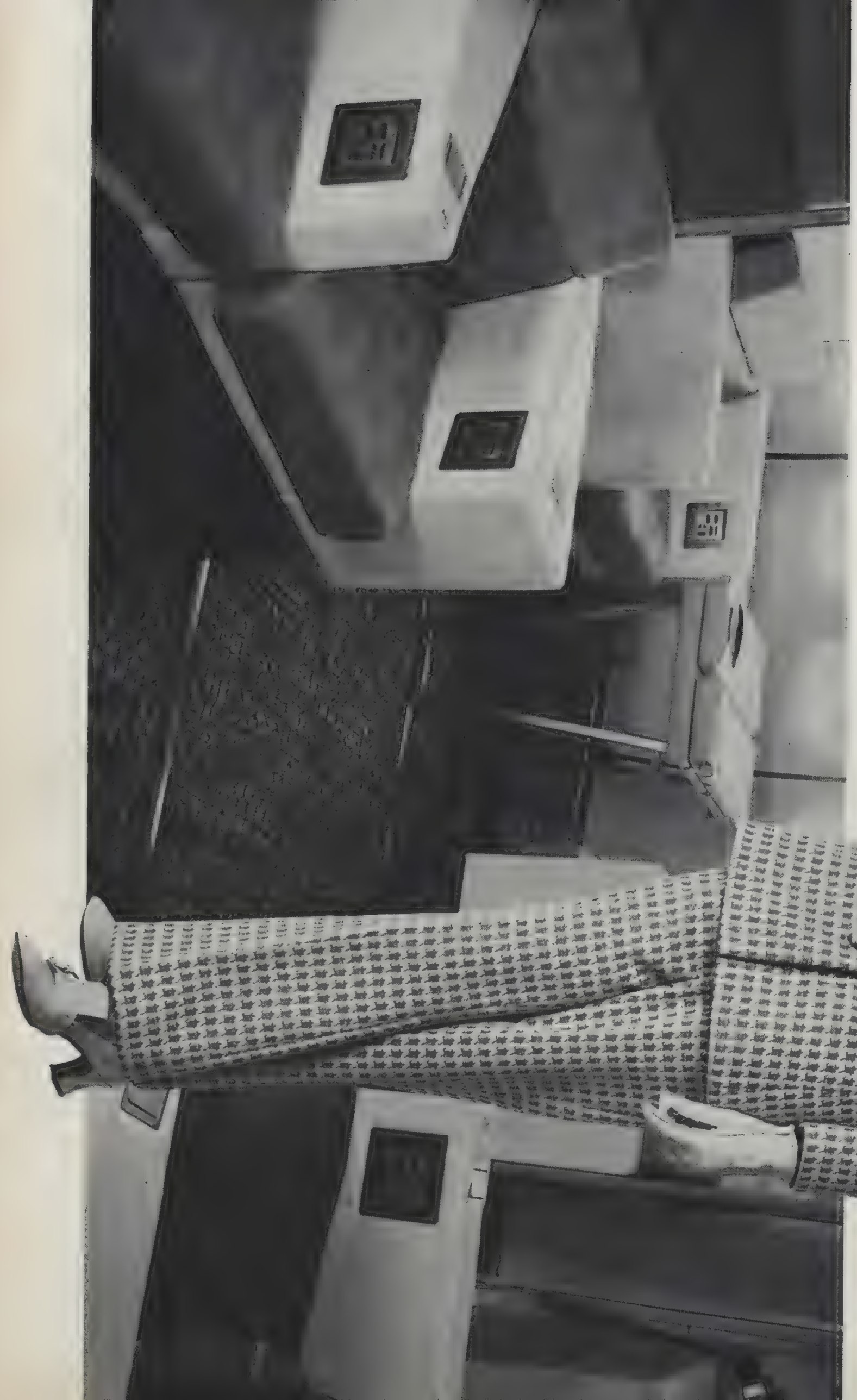
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Discover the spirited mood and excitement of California, via your Air Cruise on Continental Airlines' luxurious 747.

Capture the California feeling in a stand-out houndstooth check pantsuit of Trevira polyester by Boutique West. In sizes 8 to 16, 72.00.



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Discover the *now* California . . . the evolving tastes, the creativity . . . gathered for you in every Broadway store.

Your California flight begins and ends in a mood of relaxed comfort aboard the Proud Bird of the Pacific . . . Continental Airlines.

Scintillate in a panelled print . . . .adroitly wrap-designed by California's own Alex Colman to conceal culotte pants. Sizes 8 to 16, 38.00.

the BROADWAY

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Discover a world of enchantment aboard the carefree elegance of Continental's new 747 . . . Proud Bird of the Pacific.

Enter the scene with aplomb, in Viva Aviva's pant suit, Kabuki-sleeved and delineated in luxurious Trevira polyester. In sizes 8 to 16, 52.00.



DISCOVERY: CALIFORNIA!



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Pamprin is today's way to relieve menstrual cramps and tension. It goes to work *before* pain starts. Pamprin helps relieve a basic cause of discomfort: temporary water-weight build-up.

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Today's way is Pamprin.

Try new clinically tested PAMPRIN® Concentrated Douche Powder, too.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Colour and the "why not?" theory

One of the most blisteringly attractive women we know made an immortal pronouncement the other day. She said that the two most relevant and rewarding words one could address to oneself were "why not?" She found that she could apply these words to every area of her life with, almost invariably, salubrious results. The whole thing had come to her in a flash one day in London, she said, as she sat in the tinting room at Leonard's, watching wonderful Daniel Galvin paint a pastel rainbow (rather like the one on page 122) on the hair of an agog young woman. The more our chum looked, the more delightedly she thought: Why not? Why not fluttering, flattering pink, daffodil, pond-lily green to ribbon her own pale hair? Turns out the whole fabulous multicoloured process was conjured up by Daniel himself, and can be done in either of two ways. He may do it with unimaginably delicate vegetable tints, blended with a secret spirit, which leaves the hair supple and shining as a length of silk, and which washes out directly. Or he may do a semi-permanent colour, in which case the hair is cut in layers and the tint applied—very nearly thread by thread—to the top layer. In some uniquely Daniel way, this comes out looking not only subtle and plausible, but also madly seductive. Daniel is very keen on marmalade streaks in red hair, and he has a winning way with champagne rivulets in brown hair. It is dark hair, however, which appears to bring out his fling-iest fantasies, with marvellous insets of saffron and lime and plummy-wine. As for bleaching, it is not countenanced at Leonard's. Instead, mousy hair is delicately lightened throughout by tinting, which gives a natural look and texture. "Actually," Daniel explains, "I use at least three shades when tinting hair—just as nature does herself." Everything at Leonard's is done with finicking care and lashings of time, and the sort of passionate pleasure radiated only by artists. Could it be worth a special trip to London just to let Daniel put some colour into one's life? Well—why not? . . .

Hair loss and Russia

In September and October, Russian doctors have noted, complaints about hair loss inevitably quicken. Acknowledging that the nervous system and the endocrine glands are often responsible for precocious hair fall, the doctors wondered why, nonetheless, there was this particular fall in the fall. Their findings were recently announced by the Chief Doctor of the Clinic of Medical Cosmetology in Moscow. The majority of losers had been out in the summer sun with hair uncovered. Why didn't the hair fall immediately? "The exaggerated action of ultraviolet rays provokes first a rise in metabolism, then a decline." The later decline, apparently, does the damage. So the word is out in the Soviet Union that however ample the supply of hair, one should in summer sun wear lightweight hats or kerchief. . . . Maybe the omnipresent babushka can take credit for some of those great Russian manes? . . .

Weight loss and Paris

A classically beautiful brunette we know mused the other day about her seven months of living it up in Paris. "I put dieting, even discretion out of my mind completely. It was chocolate and croissant for breakfast. At least two wines at lunch, often three at dinner. I lapped up that crusty, gutsy French bread with fresh sweet butter, never turned down the sweet that came after several cheeses for dessert. Yet I lost fifteen pounds, which I quickly regained the moment I returned to New York. I was wondering —do you suppose it could have been all the mineral water I drank?" . . . "What kind of mineral water?" we asked. . . . "Oh, the common kind, Évian." Un-*huh*. Just the day before we had interviewed the medical masseur and body expert, Alfred Kagan, and he told us, among other fascinations, that he recommended lots of mineral water for patients who needed spot reducing. What kind of mineral water? "Something uncarbonated. Évian, if you can get it." . . .

(More Beauty Checkout p. 66)

FRANCES DENNEY REVAMPS THE VAMP
With Vibrant Vamps Make-up For The Sultry Seventies

Remember the Vamps? Those compelling creatures who inspired odes and toasts and pure white camellias delivered daily? Vibrant Vamps Make-up created by Frances Denney keeps that seductive spirit alive!

- Eye Paints for siren eyes.
- Fantasy Flirt lashes in come-hither colors.
- Incandescent Make-up sparked with prisms of light.
- Lip Paints in show-off shades for sultry lips.
- Cheek Paints for vampish faces and bite-size earlobes.

Most vampish of all, glosses of Vamp White Cheek Paint in unexpected places. Slithering down a backbone, sneaking down a decolletage.
Vibrant Vamps Make-up—it could change your life.

Frances Denney



See it! Touch it! It's a whole new

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So rich in conditioners, your hair feels as alive as it looks!

Prepare to change everything you've ever known about hair colour. Because now there is Preference, the first hair colour with creme-in silkening action. Your hair takes on new life and body, while it takes on permanent colour—richer, silkier colour that could only happen with this unique French formula. Your touch tells you Preference is good for your hair the first time you use it. After that, it gets better and better, every time.

Choose from a complete selection of permanent creme-in colours, all so fabulously French, they could only be L'Oreal.

Complete kit: 2.75



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Why doesn't Lady Schick use hot metal like these curlers?

Because Lady Schick heats with Beautifying Mist, so you won't dry out your hair.

Lady Schick Instant Haircurlers have no hot metal. Either inside the curlers or inside the unit. Instead, they're heated with soft, gentle Beautifying Mist. So you won't dry—split—or break your hair. Beautifying Mist, in fact, puts moisture into your hair. And—it makes the curl last longer! What's more, Lady Schick includes the largest rollers you can buy. So important for today's hairstyles. Choose from units with 27, 20 or 14 rollers. Each roller—extra light, safe and quick-heating.

Lady Schick

First Lady in Beauty Care

LIKE MANY PEOPLE, YOU PROBABLY CONFUSE THIS WITH TIGER.*

Obviously, you know the difference between a tiger coat and an Alaska fur seal coat when you see one.

That isn't the confusion we mean.

We're talking about the plight of the tiger. The same as the plight of the leopard,** the American alligator and many other species that inhabit our planet: the threat of extinction.

Many people think it's also the plight of the Alaska fur seal.

False.

Not only is the Alaska fur seal in no danger of extinction, but it's one of the healthiest species on Earth.

Sixty years ago, it was a different story. The Alaska fur seal was close to extinction, as a result of open sea sealing and the indiscriminate slaughter of fur seals since the discovery of the Pribilof Islands in 1786.

In 1911, an international treaty, signed by Russia, Japan, Great Britain and the United States, went into effect. And the United States was given the responsibility of saving the Alaska fur seal.

Today it's called one of the great conservation movements of our history. And for good reason.

The Alaska fur seal population has increased more than seven-fold. From less than 150,000 to 1½ million, the maximum number the breeding grounds can sustain.



Matara® processed Alaska fur seal.

To exceed this number is to invite the terrible consequences of overcrowding of the rookeries: painful death by disease, starvation and injuries. Especially to the younger seals.

To prevent such consequences, the native Aleuts, under the strict supervision of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, take a limited number of surplus seals every year. (Approximately 3% of the total herd, and primarily 3 and 4-year-old bachelor males — pups or babies are never taken.)

If in any given year there is no surplus, no seals are taken, as required by the treaty.

Without a doubt, it is an outstanding program, in addition to the fact that the fur seal harvest and its related industry provide almost the sole source of income for the Aleuts.

But the most important point is, if the market for Alaska fur seal should ever cease to flourish, so might the program.

If that happens, it would mean the end of the treaty and the return to open sea sealing.

And that would mean the Alaska fur seal might eventually face the same end as the tiger.

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Blow-drying, blow by blow



Wash, blow-dry, brush . . . it's easy as ABC, and the surest route to the loose, easy, "natural" look so many women want now (and the young insist on). You can do it yourself—a few helpful tips provided here—or, blow into one of the new with-it salons that do it for you in jig time, turn you out looking just as "natural" as the loving-hands-at-home way. The second course has this added advantage: they'll give you, if needed, an expert, professional cut—the real, underlying secret of successful wash-and-wear hair. . . . Among the new "natural"-oriented establishments are the Crimpers (two salons in New York, two more opening soon in San Francisco and Los Angeles); and the Canned Ego salons, now operating in twenty locations around the U. S., with more to come. In New York, their beachhead—in Bergdorf Goodman's Bigi salon—is called Bigi Cutaway. At Canned Ego outposts, the atmosphere is young, cheerful, casual; no appointment needed, no tipping allowed.... Now, for the do-it-yourself tips. *For a curly or tousled look:*



DAVID BAILEY

Blot hair with towel, then fluff with fingers until slightly damp. Now lift hair, a section at a time, with brush; dry innermost portion with blow dryer while holding section straight up. The greater the angle between hair and scalp, the more lift and bounce you get. For a smoother effect, pick up a section of hair; pull brush through almost to end; rotate brush so ends are turned under. Holding brush in this position, blow-dry the ends. . . . *For a straight, smooth look:* Blot hair with towel until slightly damp. Pick up a section of hair with brush from underneath. Bringing brush down through hair, blow-dry as you go—i. e., follow brush through hair with the blower. Turn ends under by rotating brush towards your head—or, if you want the ends to flip out, turn brush away from head. . . . Used here: the Braun Mini Hair Dryer, light, palm-sized; about $20. The brush, by Mason Pearson of England, has spired tufts of boar or nylon bristle, clings to hair like a burr. About $10 at Kenneth's.

Build a Wig Wardrobe



Time was when a woman bought one wig that looked like her own hair. Easy. Convenient. Unexciting. That was then. Now, thanks to Kanekalon's miraculous new modacrylic fiber, a whole new wig world has opened up. Today you change hair color, hair style to match your clothes or your mood. Be one kind of woman today, another tomorrow. Easy. Convenient. But exciting.

No upkeep. No setting. An occasional rinse-out, a run-through with a comb, and you're ready for anything. Carry them in your handbag, whip them out at a whim. It's the new you. A sometime blonde, a brunette when you fancy. And red when you dare. The new you, with a whole new world waiting. Just be sure you find Kanekalon on the label, at fine stores everywhere.

Keep-easy hair by

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Osaka, Japan



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A gleaming collection of ClearGels and CremeGels. To give your face a beautiful importance of its own above the fashions you'll be wearing.

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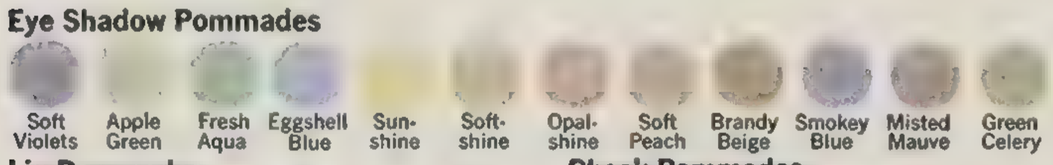
THE LIP POMMADES. Gleaming sticks that glaze and tint and light up your lips, while letting their own soft texture show through. A frosted, a clarified red and four sophisticated brown-tones within the group.

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Like an afterglow of all the fresh air, all the sleep, all the love in the world.

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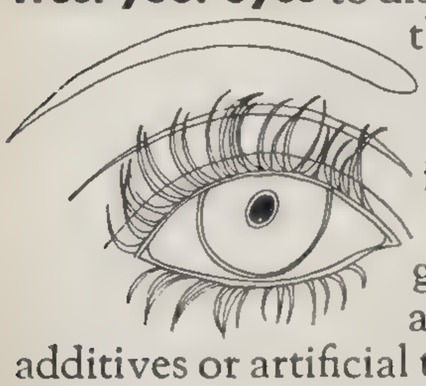
Clear Pink | Crystal Amber | Sheer Rose | Bare Peach

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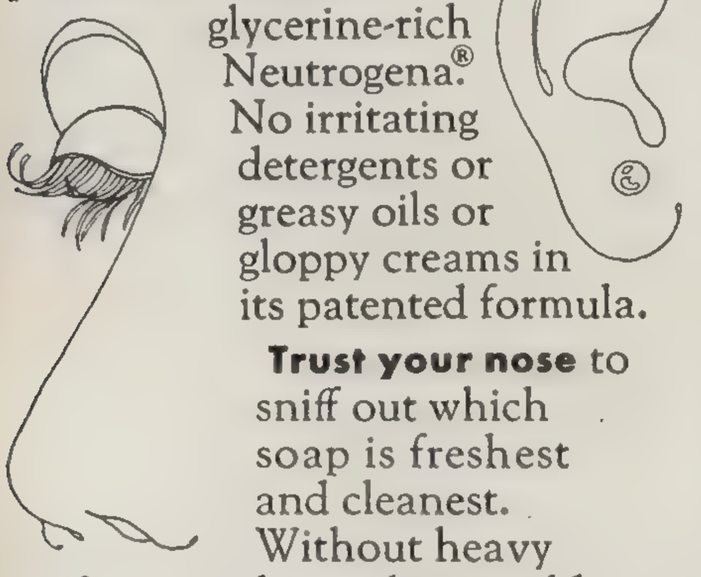
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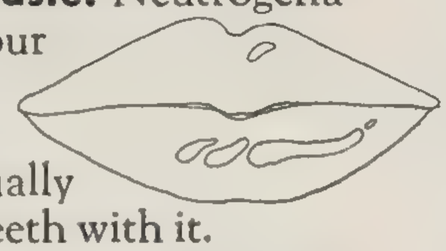


Trust your ears when beauty experts, skin specialists and people with *former* skin problems talk about glycerine-rich Neutrogena.® No irritating detergents or greasy oils or gloppy creams in its patented formula.



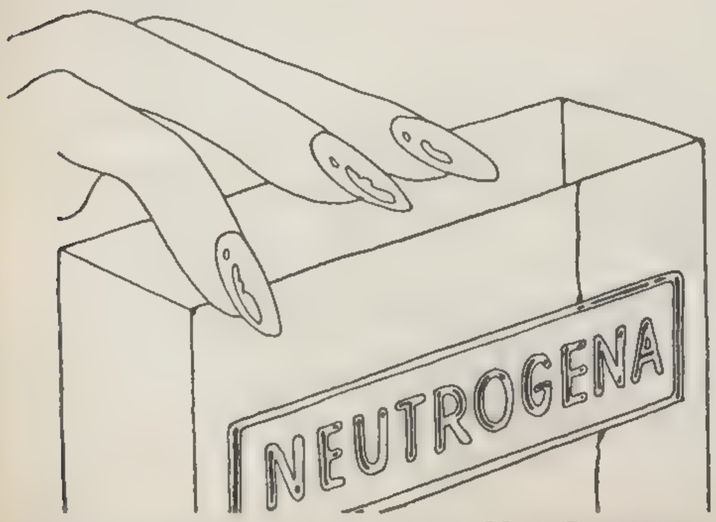
Trust your nose to sniff out which soap is freshest and cleanest. Without heavy perfumes or things that would make it smell more like a hospital than a soap.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Clearing and milder

The word is that a non-aggression pact is in the works between the cleansing-creamers and the soap-and-water militants. The girls have finally come to their senses and acknowledged that a shift in routine—a surprise to the complexion, from time to time—is needful, not to say essential. Which makes Estée Lauder's gentle new cleansing project the best of news for both camps. The concept is basic, young, and sensible: Fresh Skin Soap, set out in an uncapped, contemporary dish, is purest white, voluptuously plump and packed with anti-bacteria agents to fight booboos. Fresh Air Moisturizing Foam, equally charged with germ-battlers, is of a delectable lightness. Both are agreeable travellers.

Rough righter

Why is one so unreasonably miffed at the ingratitude of the body skin which, after months of pleasurable sunning and splashing seawater, repays one along about now with lamentable stretches of dryness and roughness. And what could be a more meaningful moment for the appearance of Irma Shorell's new Youthening Body Moisture, a nonstop soother for every inch of parch from throat to heels. The formula includes, in addition to a brace of rich moisturizers, a secret marvel that Miss Shorell sleuthed from a doctor, and is said to be a superb counter-irritant to dry-skin symptoms, in addition to sleeking and silkening one's all-over surface. Slosh on Youthening Body Moisture in either of two ways: un-perfumed, which is also hypoallergenic; or fragrant with Miss Shorell's new and very engaging scent.

Romantic Spanish Air

Quite possibly the reason why so many day-dreamers do their castle-building in Spain is because the brooding terrain, the flower-laden winds, and the astonishingly beautiful, prideful women are the essentials of which the very best fantasy is made. Myrurgia's fabulous Maja perfume—stirred up in Spain of jasmine and roses, cypress and serenades—saturates not only their cushiony-rich Maja soap, thick with olive oil, but also their heady, skin-lingering Bath Oil, Spray Mist, Dusting Powder (fluff-puffed with scarlet lamb's wool), and a positively lascivious Maja Gel. This last allurement bursts into an intoxicating lather the moment it hits bath or shower water, and proceeds to cleanse, moisturize, and scent your body, leaving you feeling that Goya might have done well to wait around and paint you instead of the Duchess of Alba.

(More Ready Beauty, page 86)

Christian Dior

Swakara touched with cobra

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Gels are the newest, lightest thing you can put on your face.

They smooth on easily. They're soft on your skin. They're not greasy. They don't cover. But they give you color that lasts all day.

All gel colors aren't alike, though. Some are on the yellowy side like a fading tan. Other colors are too strong.

Not Love's new gel colors.

Love's colors are soft. Pinky, not yellowy. Peachy, not orangey.

So even our bronzy shades give you a cool fresh look like a weekend in Maine.

Our face gel comes in 6 fresh air colors to smooth on all over your face.

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All Love gels feel like they look.

Like fresh air.

Love

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The people who helped you grow beautiful nails have something beautiful for your skin.

Trust rrp to take care of all of you. Just like we did for your nails. Now, we do it with our own, beautifully rich bath gel. Rich with proteins. Rich with rrp's superior formula that smooths you clean in the shower. Bubbles you clean in the bath. And knowingly, ever so glowingly, softens you. Everywhere. rrp bath gel. A dreamy delight in its own plastic container. And even nicer in the flesh.

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Try the rrp method for all over beauty care. Our protein shampoo and nail conditioner, too.
At fine drug and department stores.

It wasn't just those wedding bells that were breaking up that old gang of mine.



There I was taking my wedding vows. And then it happened. My zipper broke open. And the moment I had dreamed about for years suddenly turned into a nightmare.

I'll tell you this much. Everyone really had a good time at my wedding. And it certainly won't be something I'll ever be able to forget. (No one will let me.)

But I look at it this way. At least I learned a couple of things. One of them from my Aunt Rose. She told me about a dress zipper that was especially designed not to snag, jam, break or open.

The Talon Zephyr® nylon zipper.

The other thing I learned was what it truly means to be a blushing bride.

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Only Vespré lets you choose!



New Spray Powder . . . Spray Mist

Now there are two kinds of Vespré.* Choose the light dry mist in the blue can, or the delicate new powder in the white can. Either way, you get more than just a deodorant. You get an intimate odor preventive that's gentle as baby powder.

New Vespré Spray Powder. Silky. Soothing. Fine as the finest baby powder. It clings smoothly, evenly, without dusting off on clothing.

Made especially for the vaginal area. Unlike sprays that only hide odor, both Vespré sprays actually stop odor-causing bacteria by forming a long-lasting preventive screen. They contain twice the active odor-fighter of other leading sprays.

Tested by gynecologists. Both sprays were tested in leading hospitals. They're so effective, they work all day, every day of the month.

Baby-powder gentle. But for all their effectiveness, Vespré sprays proved safe. Gentle as baby powder.

Baby-powder fresh. Vespré smells fresh. Just like baby powder. You'll feel totally clean. Totally confident, hour after hour.

Vespré
The intimate odor preventive

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Lorraine indulges your sweet tooth with pretty little thingies made for pretty little girls like you. The GrapeBlossom Print, clustered on night-wear of Antron* nylon; sweets for the sweet, my dear.

SHOWN: THE TUNIC PAJAMA, SIZES 32-38, $14. THE LITTLE SLEEPER, SIZES XS-S-M, $10. THE MINI GOWN, SIZES XS-S-M, $8. THE MINI COAT, SIZES XS-S-M, $12. THE SCUFF, SIZES S-M-L-XL, $3.50. NOT SHOWN: THE CULOTTE, SIZES 32-38, $18. THE CHEMISE SLIP, SIZES 30-36, $5. THE MINISCANT, SIZES XS-S-M, $3. THE BIKINI, SIZES 4-7, $2.50. THE PANTYSCANT, SIZES XS-S-M, $4. ALL IN GRAPE-BLOSSOM PRINT. AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE. FOR THE NAME OF THE STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE O'BRYAN BROTHERS, INC., 4220 BELMONT AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60641.
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SAUNA BELT™ HIP AND THIGH SLIMMER

GUARANTEED TO TAKE FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS–1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR THIGHS IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

The amazing Sauna Belt waistline reducer has been producing fantastic results in reducing the waistline... now the new Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is introduced to give equally sensational and rapid results in trimming, firming and shaping the hips and thighs. Actual records show results like these:

Pat McNulty : *"I used your wonderful hip and thigh slimmers for just one 30 minute period — lost 2 inches from my hips and 2 inches from my thighs. My 'too tight' skirts now fit me perfectly."*

Loretta Burrows : *"I had always had heavy thighs and was embarrassed to be seen in a bathing suit or shorts. Then I used your hip and thigh slimmers a few minutes a day for 3 days and took 3 inches off each thigh. My thighs are now trim and shapely and I feel great in all my clothes. Thanks a million."*

Louise A. Urick : *"I used your Sauna Belt waistline reducer for just one week and took over 3 inches off my waist. I also used your hip and thigh slimmers which trimmed my hips 3 inches and took 2½ inches off each thigh. My figure has never looked better.*



WHAT IS THE SAUNA BELT HIP AND THIGH SLIMMER? Both the Sauna Belt waistline reducer and the Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer with the special programs that accompany them are absolutely unique — completely different from anything else on the market and are available only from Sauna Belt Inc. Like the Sauna Belt waistline reducer, this new Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is made from a special non-porous plastic material. The slimmers are placed around your thighs and hips, directly against the body, and then by use of the special tube provided, they are inflated — just like blowing up a balloon. As the slimmers inflate they will tighten and you will notice a snug, comfortable feeling of warmth and support through your thighs and hip line. After the slimmers are inflated, you will perform the two simple 'magic' hip and thigh slimming movements specially adapted to promote the ultimate reducing effect with this remarkable product. This will take just a few pleasant minutes and then you will relax, while leaving the slimmers in place on your body for another 20 minutes or so. That is all there is to it. These fabulous slimmers are designed to provide heat and massage to every area of your thighs and hips that need reducing **and when you remove them — tighter, firmer hips and thighs from which the excess inches are already beginning to disappear.** If your special problem is only in your thighs and not your hips, the hip section of the slimmer is detachable, thus allowing the program to affect your thighs alone.



HOW LONG BEFORE I SEE RESULTS? Many users notice results immediately — the very first day they try these unique slimmers. Your total results depend on your goals, how many inches you want to lose and your individual body response. Each person's body make-up is different, therefore the degree of loss will vary with individuals. It is recommended that you use the slimmers for a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first get them and then about 2 or 3 times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential for inch loss. After that, for hip and thigh maintenance, you can use the slimmers about twice a month, or as often as you feel the need. **Users have lost as much as 3 inches from the thighs from just one session with these 'magic' slimmers.** The Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers can produce absolutely dramatic results and whatever speed and degree of inch loss your particular body type allows you, remember this: **You must lose from 1 to 3 inches off your hips, from 1 to 3 inches off your thighs in just 3 days or you may return the slimmers and your entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.**

THE PRICE IS ONLY $11.95 WITH A MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. We are so convinced that the Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is the fastest, easiest, most convenient, most comfortable, most sensationally effective thigh and hip reducer ever discovered that we offer this unconditional Money Back Guarantee: **If your hips are not 1 to 3 inches smaller, if your thighs are not 1 to 3 inches smaller after using the Sauna Belt hip thigh slimmer and program for only 3 days, you may simply return the slimmer to us and your money will be refunded promptly and without question.** So if you want trimmer, slimmer, shapelier hips and thighs — and you want them now — send for your Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers today.

Also Available

SAUNA BELT™ WAISTLINE REDUCER

GUARANTEED TO TAKE FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED



1. Slip the belt around your waist — inflate — and you are ready to do your two 'magic' waist reducing exercises: 5 to 10 minutes.



2. After your exercises, you simply relax for about 20 minutes while keeping the belt around your waist.



3. Then remove the belt. Your waist will already feel tighter and trimmer. Many have lost an inch or more the very first day.

Each person's body make-up is different, therefore the degree of loss can vary with individuals but **if your waist is not 1 to 3 inches smaller in just 3 days, you may return the belt for a complete refund.**

© Sauna Belt Inc. 1970 P.O. Box 3984, San Francisco, CA 94119/Pat. Pend.

I WANT TO REDUCE MY HIPS AND THIGHS. Please send me _____ Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers along with complete easy to use instructions, including the two "magic" reducing exercises. I understand that if I do not lose from 1 to 3 inches from my hips—from 1 to 3 inches from my thighs in just 3 days I can return the Slimmers to Sauna Belt Inc. and receive my money back.

I WANT TO REDUCE MY WAISTLINE. Please send me_____ Sauna Belt waistline reducers along with complete and easy to use instructions, including the two "magic" reducing exercises. I understand that if I do not lose from 1 to 3 inches from my waistline in just 3 days I can return the belt to Sauna Belt Inc. and receive my money back.

SAUNA BELT INC., P. O. BOX 3984, Dept. V-7, San Francisco, CA 94119

I enclose $11.95 each for_____Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmers.
☐ Cash ☐ Check (no COD's) ☐ Money Order

Hip size_____ Thigh size_____

I enclose $9.95 each for_____Sauna Belt waistline reducers.
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Woman: Waist size_____

Man: Waist size_____

If you desire Air Mail, add $1.50 for hip and thigh slimmer—80¢ for waist reducer.

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Those Beautiful Purity People

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"For the woman who wants to look younger—

IS FACE-LIFTING THE ONLY ANSWER?"



IRMA SHORELL

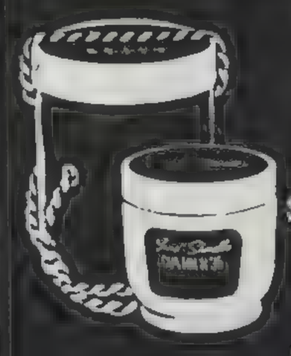
For the last 30 years women have felt that Cosmetic Plastic Surgery was the only way to really improve the mature skin of face and neck. For some it still is—but today tens of thousands have been prescribed CONTOUR/35 to retain or regain a youthful appearance to old-looking skin.

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Irma Shorell

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California • Portland • Seattle
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

On or off camera

While one needn't arouse a gleam in a lensman's eye or even qualify as a "girl" to use Cover Girl Makeup, many models *do* wear it since it was the first makeup with pizazz-plus, the plus being medication slipped in for protective measures. More do-goodery surfaces now in Cover Girl SuperSheer, a new nothing-to-it makeup *with* something to it, namely the same dependable Noxzema medication. A jot of the superlight liquid seems to cover the complexion in a lovely haze, diminishing slight imperfections—while being a handmaiden to a healthier looking skin. In four shades with blushers and translucent pressed powder rounding out the SuperSheer picture.

Lather from abroad

It is immensely fortifying to observe that even those women friends who never stop chairing good works committees and taking season tickets for lectures on Minoan mores are just as inclined to go all over feckless about marvellous soap —even as you and I. As of this moment, their bathrooms are doubtless redolent of Pertegaz's newly-arrived-from-Spain Diagonal soap—so named because every hard-milled millimetre of it is infused with the leafy, rose-rich scent of Diagonal perfume. Pertegaz, whose way with clothes is sublime, has seen to it that his soap is thick with skin-cherishing olive oils and other celebrated emollients. It comes in a smart black plastic dish, covered for travel, fitted with a slot tray, and not to be resisted.

Eye to eye

True rapport being just about as rare as fresh air, it is nice to know of a cosmetician who listens to her devoted clientele as assiduously as they to her. What has Evelyn Marshall done for the d.c. lately? A little request number entitled the Eye Traveler, in which four of her best-liked Eyelites, an off-white shadow, brush-on brow, cake liner, and contouring shadow, are packed up with three nifty brushes and a special sponge applicator. And the Marshall fans—how do they show their devotion to Miss M? By tumbling blissfully for anything new—right now, for instance, her wildly coloured evening eyelashes. The seven jewel-like tones are shaded and feathered into downright subtlety . . . blue and purple lashes for orbs like fringed gentians, green ones for fern-rimmed jungle pools. . . . If nobody has found your gaze inexorably rivetting lately, this might just be the tack to try.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

ROMANTIC, RESPLENDENT, THE MARCH-FIERRO WEDDING, IN SPAIN

With the pageantry of a Medici marriage, the wedding of Marita March Cencillo and Alfonso Fierro Jiménez-Lopera—which united Spain's most powerful banking clans—unfurled in the Renaissance cathedral of Palma de Majorca. After the evening ceremony, the bride and groom led their thousand guests across the cobbled plaza, crimson-carpeted, to the March palace. There, after a banquet in halls of blue and silver, the group Aquarius boomed dancers back into this rock age.


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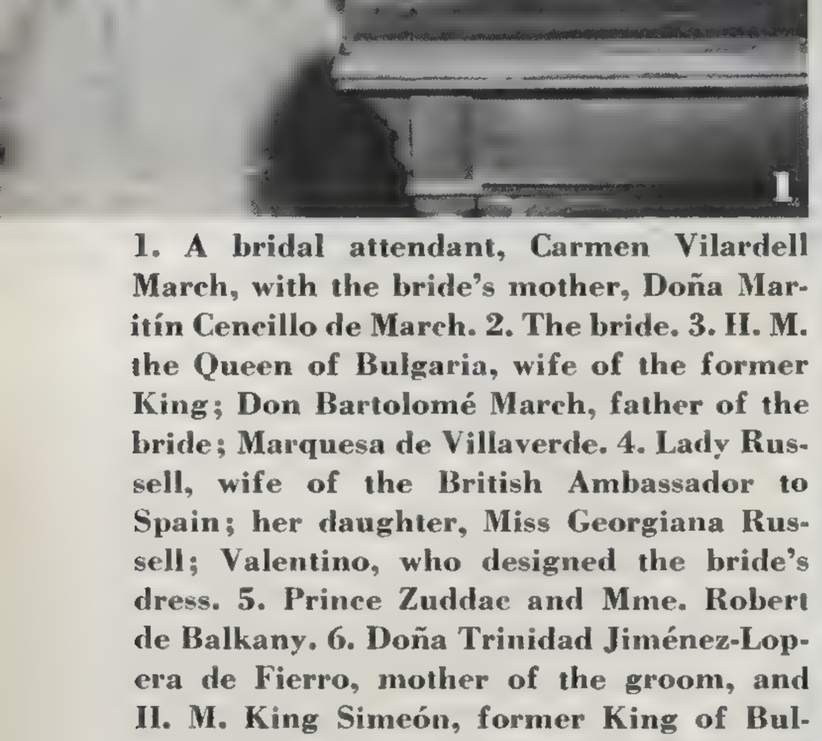

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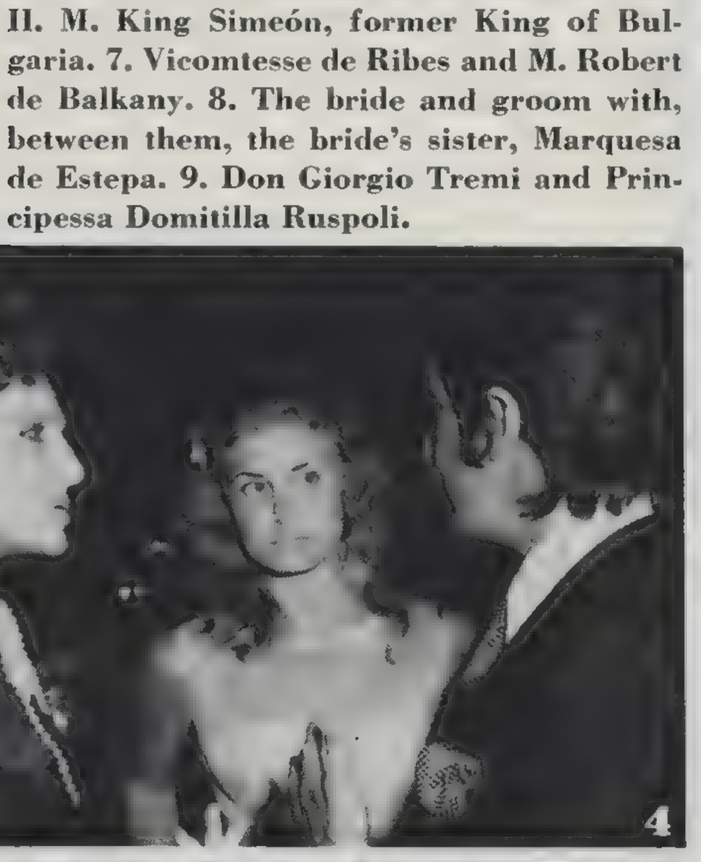
1. A bridal attendant, Carmen Vilardell March, with the bride's mother, Doña Maritín Cencillo de March. 2. The bride. 3. H. M. the Queen of Bulgaria, wife of the former King; Don Bartolomé March, father of the bride; Marquesa de Villaverde. 4. Lady Russell, wife of the British Ambassador to Spain; her daughter, Miss Georgiana Russell; Valentino, who designed the bride's dress. 5. Prince Zuddac and Mme. Robert de Balkany. 6. Doña Trinidad Jiménez-Lopera de Fierro, mother of the groom, and H. M. King Simeón, former King of Bulgaria. 7. Vicomtesse de Ribes and M. Robert de Balkany. 8. The bride and groom with, between them, the bride's sister, Marquesa de Estepa. 9. Don Giorgio Tremi and Principessa Domitilla Ruspoli.


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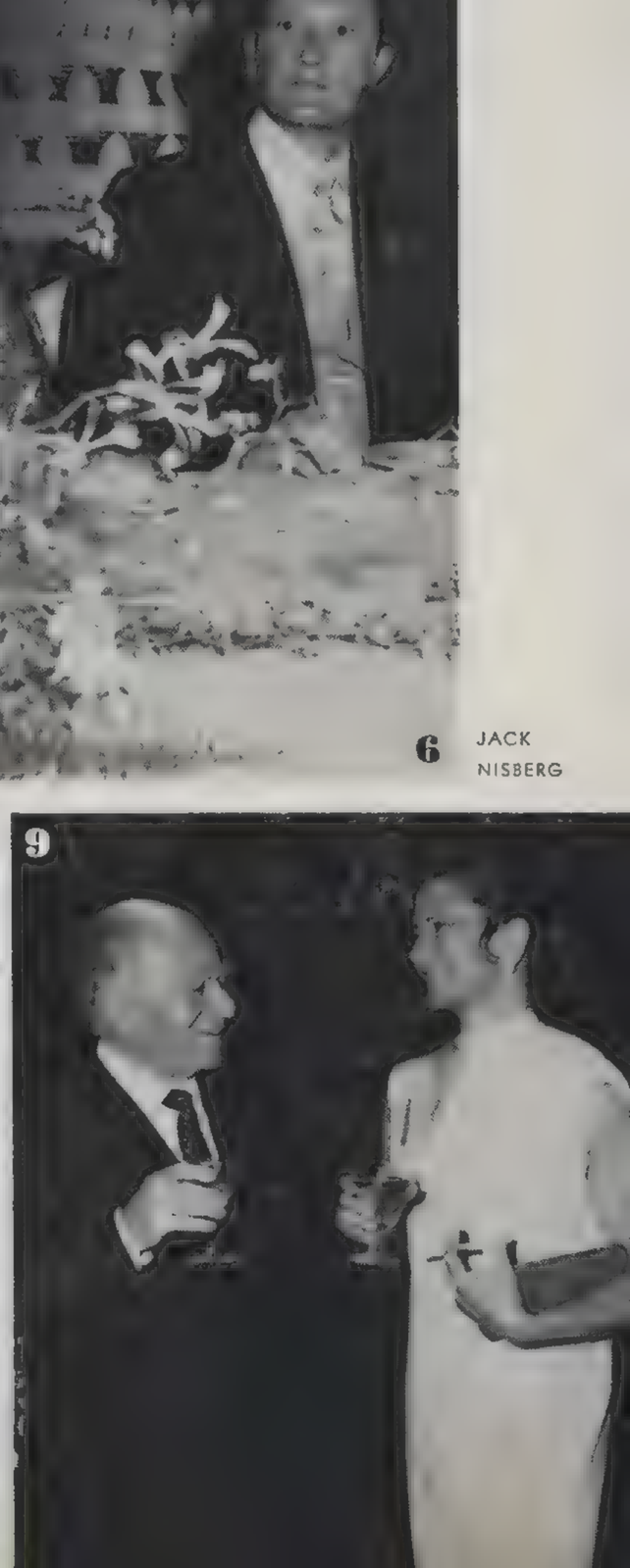

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VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

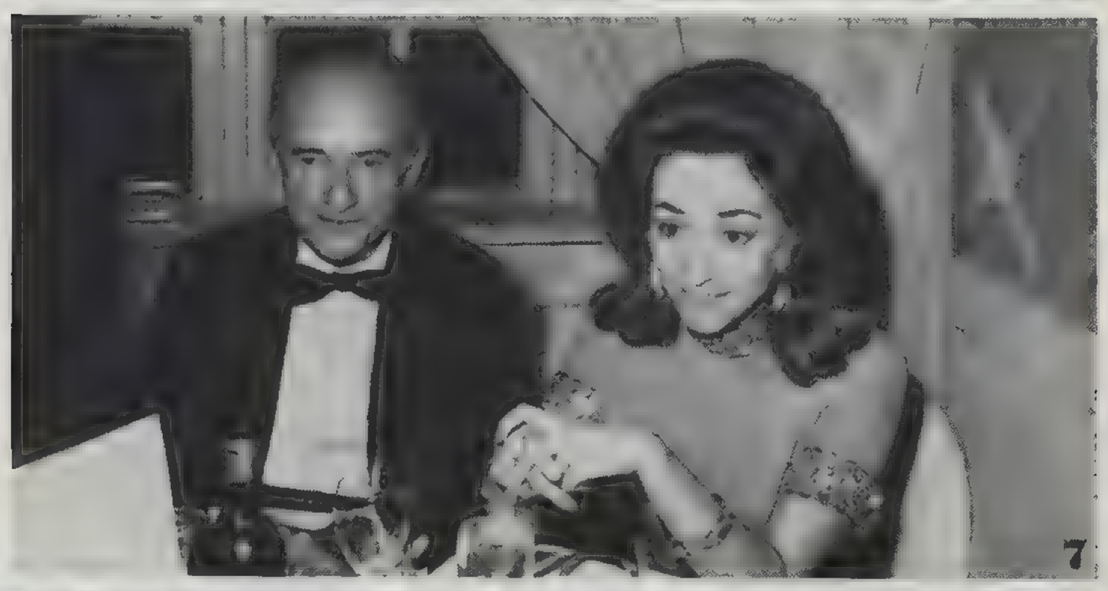
CULTURAL BUZZ FOR SPANISH HOUSE, IN NEW YORK



A jetful of beguiling Spaniards flew from Madrid to New York City for the opening of Spanish House, the new base of Hispano-American culture, housing the Spanish Institute. Sealing a week of exhibitions, lectures, and a rare piano recital by the Catalan composer Mompou, an amusing dinner at the St. Regis became more amusing with flamenco, danced by Spanish superstar Lola Flores.



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11

1. Mr. John B. M. Place, President of the Spanish Institute. 2. Mrs. B. Rionda Braga; Mr. Theodore Rousseau; Condesa de Romanones; H. E. Jaime Arguelles, Spanish Ambassador to the U. S. 3. Doña Frances Miranda de Garrigues Walker, Señor Luis Muñoz. 4. Señor Frederic de la Vega, Mrs. de Cuevas Carmichael. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Muñoz. 6. Mr. David Rockefeller, Marquesa de Villaverde. 7. Mr. Nicholas D. Biddle, Doña Milagro Soriano de Serrano. 8. H. E. Jaime de Pinies, Spanish Ambassador to the U.N.; Doña Carmen Fernández de Araoz de Urquijo. 9. Mrs. Julio de T. Noyes, Don Duarte Pinto Coelho. 10. Señora Propper de Callejón, Chairman of the dinner, with Mr. Robert Simpson. 11. The famous flamenco dancer Lola Flores.





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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Books

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

The Driver's Seat, "*purest confidence*"

Lise, a thirtyish accountant's assistant, prepares for her holiday by buying a dress—"a lemon-yellow top with a skirt patterned in bright V's of orange, mauve and blue." To wear with this, she buys a coat with narrow stripes of red and white. In this opening of Muriel Spark's new novel, *The Driver's Seat* (Knopf), the "clash" of the costume is an announcement of the garish disorientation of Lise's personality.

On the airplane, Lise is seated next to a young man who immediately looks at her with fear and quickly changes to another seat. The two are unknown to each other, but in their first glance mysteriously linked themselves together: Lise, as the willing victim, and the young man, as an unwilling murderer. At the opening of the third chapter, we are told what is to happen to Lise. "She will be found next morning dead from multiple stab wounds, her wrists bound with a silk scarf and her ankles bound with a man's necktie, in the grounds of an empty villa, in a park of the foreign city to which she is travelling on the flight now boarding at Gate 14."

We watch the story come to light little by little. A scarf and a paper knife are bought as presents. The knife will go into Lise's throat, around which the scarf has been tied. An old lady is met at a bus stop. She will turn out to be the aunt of the man who moved his seat on the plane and will thereby provide the possibility of a later meeting between him and Lise. Each encounter, each apparently trivial detail, will have its uses. The clues are set out before you, like a hiker's dropping pebbles along a path for the next traveller.

Muriel Spark is a brilliant writer and every page bears the stamp of her long practice of serious fiction. The novel is short and composed with the purest confidence. This is not easily come by when one remembers that the book is concerned with an ugly, exasperating, pitiful woman whose release from suffering can come only from another repellent, destroyed person—the nephew of the old lady at the hotel. This young man has been "sick," attempting to recover from violent sexual assaults on women. He does not wish to kill, but Lise's recognition of his hidden possibility for murder is so cunning that he can not escape. In the end, he says, "She told me to kill her and I killed her."

The plot is as tight and brilliantly coloured as a beautiful African basket. But the effect is achieved by excessive design and unconvincing symmetry. The theme, as I understand it, is that destiny arranges the meeting between one who would kill and one who wishes to die. This idea of the roots of violent death is not satisfying to the mind and one is thus left with a feeling of contrivance, of the expert manipulation of incident on behalf of unsound symbolic content.

What is so very good about the book is the tragic, suffering, unattractive, disintegrating Lise. Her hostility, her explosions, her distorted energy and bizarre encounters, all the exhausting phantasmagoria of activity during her last day on earth, are painfully true. This ultimate restlessness and misery and loss of control are demonic forces that have seized her and perhaps she can only seek death. The death Muriel Spark has devised for her may be too much like a mystery story and too little like what Lise truly is—a human mystery.


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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Education

BY HENRY S. RESNIK

Teaching parents to teach

Within the last five years or so, American educators, psychologists, and social scientists have become nearly obsessed with early learning. Spurred by the sudden popularity in the United States of the Swiss theorist Jean Piaget and by studies in cognition indicating that a child's intellectual potential is fully determined by the age of three or four, the early-learning movement assumes that the more intellectually stimulating a child's environment is from the time of birth, the more likely will be his later success in school and life. Dozens of experiments have supported the assumption and the social scientists see these programs as a way of countering the intellectual inequality among children of different classes.

At first the infant-"stimulation" programs employed specially trained teachers, but recently a new kind of program has sprouted up that intends to show parents how they can become their children's teachers themselves. One example is a "toy library" in Berkeley, California, that offers parents a ten-session course in the use of concept-developing toys and lets them take the toys home to use with their children. Similar programs, usually relying on the educational qualities of toys and games, can be found throughout the country.

The most extensive venture into parent education is based at the University of Florida, in Gainesville. There, Dr. Ira J. Gordon, an educational psychologist, oversees a three-pronged program: a home-visit research project for children between the ages of three and twelve months, a Headstart program for preschool children, and a Headstart follow-through program for children in elementary schools in ten states. In the Headstart programs, Gordon's staff acts as the link between home and school. Altogether nearly six thousand families are affected.

An almost mechanical emphasis on intellectual skills is unavoidable in the infant-stimulation process, but program directors insist that they are not simply marching across the land with a series of gimmicks to make kids smart. Nevertheless, the danger is that the programs will be seen in increasingly materialistic terms. In contrast, the Parenting Process Project in Los Angeles's Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, which takes middle-class mothers in pregnancy and continues until their children are five years old, focuses, in the manner of an encounter group, on the emotional development of the entire family. "The kids are getting plenty of cognitive stimulation," said one of the program's founders. "If there's any danger, it's that of overstimulation."

Dr. Gordon, whose book of games and exercises, *Baby Learning Through Baby Play*, will be published this fall, disagrees. "I wrote the book because it's a myth that middle-class parents know how to educate their children and that lower-class parents don't. I think particularly with the breakdown of the American family the old sources of information are gone. Parents can get from Spock a good deal of health information, but they don't have much information on educational development."

There will be more debate as the movement grows. For one thing, parent-education programs usually reinforce the rôle of the stay-at-home, child-oriented mother. As one parent-education program director in a rural area said of a colleague in Cambridge, Massachusetts, "He's catching hell from Women's Lib."

DRESS BY ADELLE SIMPSON



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Culture Collision

Nowhere is the clash of cultures sometimes referred to as "the generation gap" more painfully obvious than in the juxtaposition of several recent exhibitions running concurrently in New York at The Museum of Modern Art. Imagine exhibiting simultaneously "Information," a compendium of conceptual art; the Cubist sculptures of Alexander Archipenko; a memorial show of the works of Barnett Newman; and a continuous showing of a film of bank robberies. The logical question (as if logic were still an issue) is whether this incredible range of material from copy-machine throwaways to some of the most beautiful and profound paintings of the twentieth century can all be housed under the same roof as belonging to the same category of experience, the one we used to call "art."

At the risk of revealing my own generational alliances, I must say I don't think so. The aspiration to keep pace with change leads institutions to extend themselves, both physically and intellectually, beyond their practical limits. In the name of "relevance," such an exhibition as "Information" is assembled —with all the best intentions of serving new tastes and new publics. But the counter-culture ethos of "Information," dominated by a giant plastic Nickelodeon advertising a typewriter company, is the only excitement in the show. The confusion here is the idea that the ephemeral, personal moment is of interest to a public larger than that of the artist and his immediate circle.

The error in sponsoring "Information" is more understandable, however, than the commitment to documenting the minor chapters of the major modern movements responsible for the Archipenko revival. A competent if derivative artist, Archipenko gained his reputation largely from the surprise that a genuine European Cubist sculptor lived unknown and unsung in America from 1923 until his death in 1964.

The power and originality of Barnett Newman's sculpture, "Here II," part of the memorial exhibition honouring the distinguished American painter, is even more striking in contrast with the conventionality of Archipenko's forms. A principal source for the directness and simplicity of Minimal art, Newman executed large sculptures during the 'sixties that may be seen as the ultimate critique of Minimalism, for Newman, unlike his heirs, could leaven simplicity with sophistication, directness with subtlety, reductive form with intense feeling.

The death of a great individualist like Newman is more than an art historical loss. The man who stood alone and created art out of his own experience (so he could have something to look at, he once said) can not be replaced by all the "information" about art in the world. To Newman and his generation it still seemed possible to rebel against the past while remaining within the Western tradition. Judging from "Information" and the innumerable future versions of it, such as The Jewish Museum "Software" exhibition of data-processing systems, few younger artists continue to hold that view. The peculiar oddness of the moment is that we are watching the death of our traditional culture as outstanding individuals who rose above the crowd, like Newman, pass away, even as we witness the birth of another culture dedicated to the ephemeral and the temporary, which has no use for excellence, individualism, or the past.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Lucia Dlugoszewski, surfacing

Music is not calligraphy although Stravinsky thinks it's so.
Music is not abstract because pitch is pure emotion.
Music is sound that is made before your eyes as well as your ears.
Music is true theatre of the ear, the subtlest, most intimate of theatres.
Music is sound as the mind permits it to enter.
Anything you ask the ear to hear is music.
The composer who is not a performer is dangerous.

These decisive, not to say didactic, statements (their number goes on and on) belong to an American avant-garde composer whose name evokes a music as complex and sonorous as the compositions she has been writing for nearly twenty years. This is Lucia Dlugoszewski, a pretty, Detroit-born woman of Polish extraction, whose makeup-less face, quick smile, and friendly eyes seem to belie the fierce independence of her spirit and dedication to a profession notorious for its disdain of women.

Since 1950, when she was still an eighteen-year-old student of the late avant-garde composer Edgard Varèse, Lucia Dlugoszewski has produced a body of work on a par with that of her far more celebrated contemporary John Cage. The fact that she is a woman—and a shy one, at that—has made acceptance of her work difficult. But through her long association with The Erick Hawkins Dance Company (she's written numerous scores for it), the name Lucia Dlugoszewski might yet come into its own. After twenty years underground, her emergence is overdue and imminent. Various concerts of her music are in preparation, and she is completing her first opera, to be titled *The Heidi Songs*, based on a long poem by John Ashbery.

A relentless avant-gardist, Lucia Dlugoszewski writes music in which structure and sound combine to produce oddly compelling tonal and atonal variances. She seeks to equate her music with certain Western and Eastern philosophies dealing with perception and self-awareness. Thus, she treats sounds like so many separate elements to be explored for their own sake. The inherent qualities of any given sound are explored "in-the-round," with the composer extending, shortening, intensifying, or reducing its tonal (and emotional) properties.

These experiments with pitch and timbre have led Lucia Dlugoszewski to invent what she calls the "Timbre Piano." The strings inside the piano are treated like a full string orchestra employing bows of glass, felt, metal, plastic, and wood which are run across the strings, while the keyboard itself is being used. (This is not to be confused with John Cage's "Prepared Piano," which explores the more percussive qualities of sound.) To hear the "Timbre Piano" is to hear entirely fresh sounds. Rarified musical textures and densities emerge as if from nowhere.

In addition, Lucia Dlugoszewski has invented countless percussion instruments. Beautiful in themselves, these strange objects have names such as "Ladder Harps," "Unsheltered Rattles," "Tangent Rattles," or "Closed Rattles." Consisting of wood, glass, metal, plastic, and paper, they produce sounds of remarkable delicacy and create a wide range of dynamics. The composer performs on her instruments with stunning virtuosity.

"All sound is beautiful," said Lucia Dlugoszewski. "The problem is to make the maker and hearer equally so."



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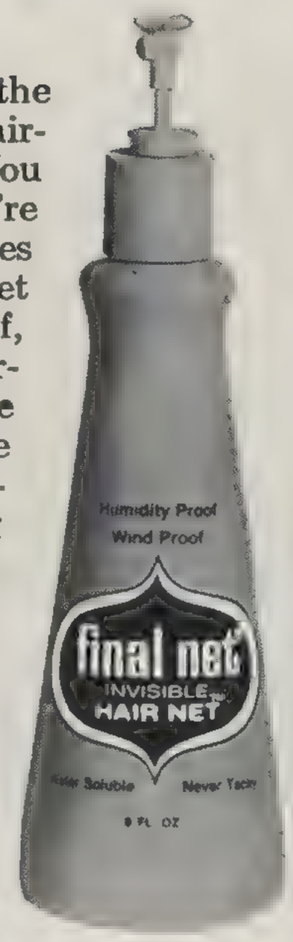


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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Spain: Fresh flashes

PLANES TO SPAIN: "The charm of the people who looked after me on the ground and in the air was remarkable," said an experienced world traveller about her flights on Iberia, the Spanish airline. It all begins at JFK in New York at Iberia's terminal, a jungle of construction, where a trio of attractive women called Veronica, Ludmilla, and Jimena take over. From then on, it's red roses—the emblem of Iberia—all the way.

The soft red tartan blankets come sealed in plastic and are immaculate. Sealed, too, in plastic bags are eye masks, knitted slippers, and shoehorns. In addition: a portfolio that includes, along with letter paper and maps, two thoughtful cards with messages spelled out in four languages. One reads: "Please, let me sleep"; the other, "Wake me just for meals."

Blessedly not sealed in plastic, dinner is prepared in the galley by a chef in starched regalia and served attractively from a rolling table as in a good restaurant. A maître d' carves roast leg of lamb, slightly rosy; the waiter serves and pours only what the passengers want.

On the six-hour-and-twenty-minute flight heading east, morning and coffee both happen quickly. The stewardess performs like a quick-change artist dressed by Pertegaz, the talented Spanish designer: One moment she is tidying up in a bright aquamarine dress with thick broderie anglaise around the ruffled neckline and elbow sleeves, the next she appears in a claret-red tailored suit and cape ready for landing. As passengers step off the Iberia plane, the cabin staff in the traditional lineup have the look of dignified family retainers. They are precisely that for Iberia.

MADRID: In this elegant, buoyant capital city, green and spreading like an artichoke, the Hotel Ritz, one of the great establishments of Europe, is constantly spruced up. Now, new blue-and-yellow rugs and a new look for the side entrance that opens to the Prado Museum and San Jerónimo Church. . . . Behind the Prado, the new Hotel Sideral, air-conditioned, reasonable, comfortable, with a garage, is still in the breaking-in stage; only some of the staff understand English. . . . On Velázquez Street, the Hotel Wellington has transformed its inside courtyard into a garden terrace: pool, sun deck, cabañas, bar. In the rooms, status symbols new to Spanish hotels—televisions and radios. . . . Revved-up from top to bottom: the Castellana Hilton.

Beyond University City—a glow of red brick, green trees—is the Ciudad Puerta de Hierro with the new Monte-Real Hotel, a curve of balconied rooms above fountains and lawns, about twenty minutes from town by car. Guests may lunch on terraces, sun, swim, play tennis, live in guest rooms or duplex apartments. . . . Close-by, the Puerta de Hierro Golf Club founded by the late Duke of Alba in 1914 has a thirty-six-hole championship golf course, sixteen tennis courts, and a pool. In the clubhouse distinguished and titled members dine with a view of Madrid slightly veiled by two ancient olive trees.

New night scene: Gitanillo's, a discothèque run almost like a private club, in Old Madrid. At a brass door, guests are screened before they step into the blue-velvet *boîte* to join the rumba-flamenco dancing; eleven-thirty in the evening to four in the morning. . . . The young Café de (Continued on page 104)



Flashback: We take you now to the 1930's for a great experience in glamour. It's all happening again. The backless back. The plunging front. The sophisticated slinkiness of bias-cut crepe. For this is Flashback, a gown with a fashion future as dramatic as its past. Because now it's made of two layers of Vanilure™, our exclusive drip-dry shape crepe. And it's opaque. Is Flashback a nightgown? Or an evening gown? You decide. Rose Marie, Ice and White. Sizes 32 to 38. About $25. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

VANITY FAIR VF

NEAL BARR





Vogue's Spotlight: Travel

(Continued from page 102)

Chinitas, where the fiery flamenco dancer La Chunga performs has the click of success. Dinner at nine-thirty; the handclapping stamping, and songs begin at eleven. Reservations necessary. . . . Tartufo, an appealing all-black-leather place, is a bar from seven to ten in the evening, then at eleven-thirty turns into a discothèque. . . . Commodore Mayte is a new restaurant at Plaza República Argentina, 5—excellent pepper steak with cream sauce.

The new hairdressing salon, Duràn, at Velázquez, 89, catches *Madrileñas*-who-know. It has, in addition to Duràn, the slim, dark master-stylist, two good English-speaking operators: Don, an American from Honolulu; and Tony, a Canadian. . . . Berta de la Cruz designs ravishing lingerie. The workshop is a village near Seville; the materials, deceptively silky and floaty need no ironing. For appointments, telephone 410-1128. . . . Maria Cristina Lauffer specializes in made-to-order gloves that fit superbly even when ordered by mail. The secret: a kit with instructions for making a mould of each hand. The address: Lopez de Hoyos, 11. . . . Antonio Pajares, a third generation of a family of men's tailors, has added new dash to the old workrooms.

COSTA DEL SOL: In Marbella, the newest restaurant drawing the regulars for its delicious food is The Banana Tree run by *Americanos*. It serves tender T-bone steaks, chicken, peach ice cream. . . . At the restaurant La Fonda, in an old house in a garden, the new attractive faces turn up for exceptionally fine food. At both places, reservations necessary.

BARCELONA: Beige, nervous, and creative, this Catalan harbour city with the muscle of big business has a gnawing and beautiful fascination: its Art Nouveau architecture and the overzealously designed 1920's buildings with unpeopled balconies. . . . Across the street from the Gothic Quarter and Roman ruins stands a modern *edificio* with incised murals by Picasso. . . . Behind the City Hall's nineteenth-century façade, officials and staff work in splendid Gothic and Renaissance buildings.

Business, shops, and restaurants are moving to the circular Plaza Calvo Sotelo. . . . The people-watching institution there is Sándor, an outdoor café with armchairs and tables like curbstone bleachers. Nine in the morning to three the next morning, all year, under awnings with infrared, warm-up lights. . . . From Barcelona's new helicopter pad on an office building near the Plaza the airport is a ten-minute flight above the bug-sized cars the Spaniards call *ombligos*, "navels," because everybody has one. . . . Barcelona's best restaurant, Via Veneto, does things with style in a lavish but controlled Art Nouveau setting. Superbly trained waiters serve silently without hovering. Reservations. . . . The late night shift moves nearby to Bocaccio, an all-red-velvet discothèque.

On Avenida del Generalísimo Franco, the Hotel Presidente is deeply comfortable, air-conditioned. Attractions: a melon-shaped pool on a terrace with a view to the sea, a garage, and a staff that copes with English. . . . On the same beat, Pertegaz's engaging boutique; and Mora 2, a tea place known for pastries. . . . At Iranzo, a small, panelled, duplex hair salon for men—men do the barbering; girls give hair treatments and manicures.

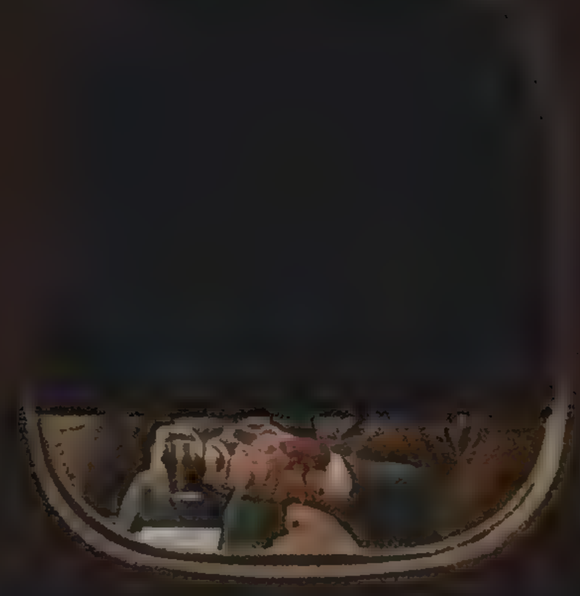
The appeal of the new Hotel Diplomatic is its modern compact operation: a good newsstand, Telex machines, garage, air conditioning, bright rooms, restaurants, terrace pool and bar.

To house Picasso's latest present to Barcelona, eight hundred early works—including "Science and Charity," which he painted when he was fifteen—that had been stored by his family, the city is restoring an eighteenth-century palace next door to the present Picasso Museum in the fourteenth-century Aguilar Palace.

The most romantic restaurant in the world is on its way to Madrid, and Paris, and Rome, and...



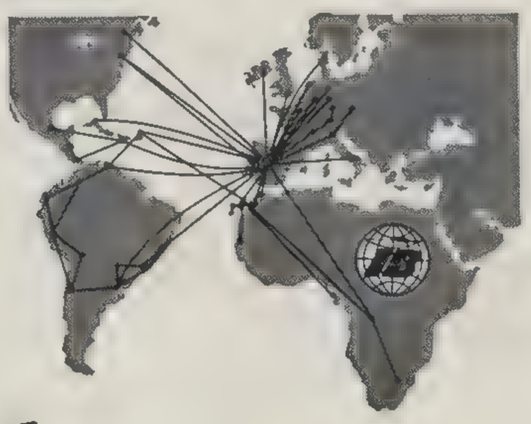




You sip your sherry as an enchanting girl tempts you with a selection of hors-d'oeuvres that can't help but ruin your diet. But who cares? You're on your way to Madrid. And from there to Paris and Rome and...who knows?

What's important is that it be romantic. The way you've always dreamed it would be. That's why you've chosen to fly Iberia, world famous for its Royal Rose Service.

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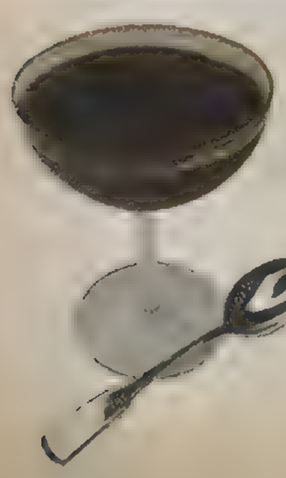
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GF
GENERAL FOODS

VOGUE'S

FOOD GAZETTE

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

ROAST DUCK *with* SMETANA SAUCE

Prick the ducks' breasts and rub with salt to help the fat drain off. Roast in the usual way or spit broil. Remove the fat from the juices and reduce to about 2/3, stirring vigorously to deglaze the pan. Add, for each duck, 1 pint sour cream and a handful of seedless raisins. Season to taste. Sauce should be thick, creamy.

FILET OF BEEF BASTURMA

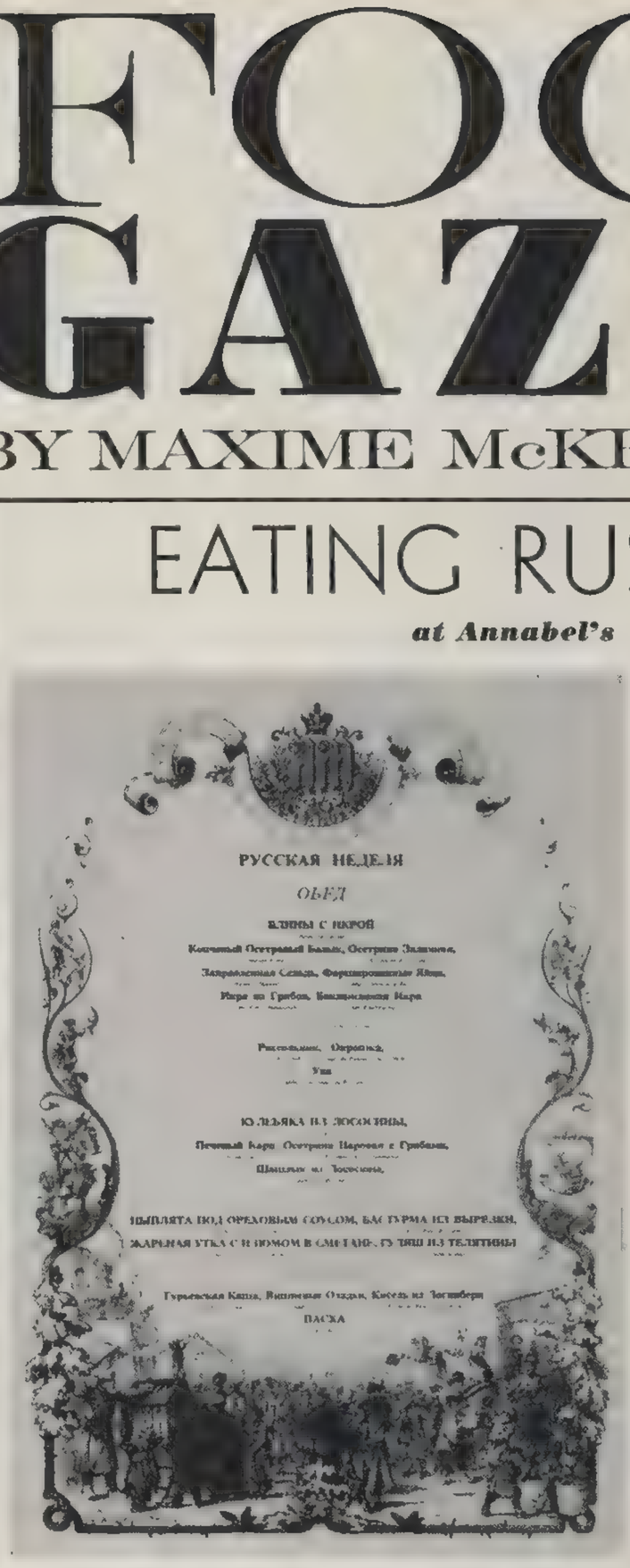
Marinate a filet of beef in wine vinegar for two days. Cut in thin strips and thread on skewers. Broil. Serve very rare with new potatoes and a piquant sauce.

PASKHA
RUSSIAN EASTER SWEET

5 eggs
2 cups sugar
Vanilla extract
2½ pounds ricotta or dry cottage cheese
½ pound butter, melted
½ cup chopped mixed candied fruit peels
¼ cup seedless raisins
¼ cup sultana raisins
1 cup chopped blanched almonds

Beat together egg yolks, sugar, vanilla; blend in cheese and butter. (May be done in electric blender.) Whip whites stiff and fold in; add fruits and nuts. Pour into unglazed clay flowerpot lined with cheesecloth; cover with plate smaller than pot and put a weight on top. Drain overnight. If not to be eaten in one day, cook mixture gently until almost boiling before adding egg whites; drain overnight; chill.

EATING RUSSIAN
at Annabel's



When the elegant restaurant-club Annabel's, in London, had a Russian gastronomic festival, the menus (left) copied those used by a Czar. Far left, recipes for four of the Russian dishes from Annabel's chef, Don Smith.

ICE-CREAM CHEESE

In Rome, Contessa Consuelo Crespi serves her guests this cheese disguised as a bombe glacée.

To serve ten guests:

½ pound Danish blue cheese
½ pound mascherpone cheese
½ pound ricotta cheese
½ pound gorgonzola cheese
½ pound Cheshire cheese
½ pint cream
Salt and pepper
Worcestershire sauce

Mash cheeses together and blend in cream slowly until they have the texture of a thick mousse. Season. Pour into an ice-cream mould; freeze at least 2 hours. Remove ½ hour before serving; unmould. Serve with water biscuits.

VIOLET TEA

To follow a talk by British garden expert Christopher Lloyd, during the Charleston Manor Festival this year at Sir Oswald Birley's Barn Theatre and Studio in Sussex, Lady Birley invented tea food coloured to match the subjects of the talk—clematis and violets. Below: The violet-shaded treats served beside her homemade bread.

VIOLET CAKE

Filt and frost a double-layer cake with creamy icing tinted violet and flavoured with a French liqueur from Tours called Violette. Decorate top with crystalized violets and green sugar leaves.

BLUEBERRY AND BLACKBERRY ICE-CREAM SHAKES

Mix concentrated blueberry and blackberry juices with smaller amounts of cream, milk. Serve very cold with floats of blackberry ice cream tinted with violet colouring.

RASPBERRY KISSEL

Lightly boil 1½ pounds raspberries and 1 cup sugar with 1 cup cold water; rub through a fine sieve. Return purée to pan and thicken with a little potato flour by first mixing the flour with a little cooled purée before stirring into pot. Dish should have a jam-like consistency and can be made from any soft berry.

Fresh herbs fresh

ARRANGE CUT HERBS LIKE FLOWERS IN A GLASS VIAL. A LUMP OF CHARCOAL KEEPS WATER CLEAR.

MELON BASKET

David Edge, an epicurean English nomad now living in Tangiers in rooms once the harem of a sultan's palace, found this appealing basket salad in his wanderings: Choose a large oval melon, not overripe. To make basket shape, cut out two wedges from the top third, one on either side, leaving a strip in the centre as the handle. Scoop out all the melon flesh with a melon baller and refrigerate the basket. Skin cherry tomatoes. Pit avocados, scoop out flesh with melon baller. Mix melon balls, avocado balls, tomatoes with whole leaves of fresh mint and refrigerate. Immediately before serving, mix salad with a vinaigrette sauce (made with a touch of sugar but no mustard). Serve salad in the melon basket.

BEAUTY
in the kitchen

The French freshen the face with sparkling mineral water. Fill a fine-spray bottle (sold for washing plant leaves) with Vichy or Perrier and store in the refrigerator. Spray face after makeup to set it, after swimming to remove salt.

Sheila Viganò's under-the-moon buffet

For an enchanting late supper in and out of her country house in France, Mme. Viganò arranged, in addition to the expectable indoor buffets, glorious surprises-to-eat around the gardens: One table covered, edge to edge, with a mosaic of crudités—every eat-in-the-fingers fresh vegetable. Nearby, a small stand with loaves of peasant bread, a knife. In another corner, a table paved with fresh red fruits: big strawberries, cherries, raspberries, and fraises des bois.



This Is The End Of The Lines

Introducing Liquid Perfection Face Makeup. A porcelain cream finish. A look perfect and flawless that cannot be achieved with ordinary liquid makeups...or thick, line-enforcing matte makeups. A gloss of colour so sheer, it would seem only a miracle could explain how it so completely conceals veiny patches, facial flaws. The perfect skin Look. It's my triumph. Now, yours.

Polly Bergen

HOROSCOPE

October 1 through October 15

ARIES, March 21–April 20. With Mars (your ruler) in harmony with Saturn (the organization), you will be expected to meet a time schedule and will need total concentration to complete an assignment on the 6th or 7th. The result establishes a permanent contract that is unexpected. Remember this is a working period and does not allow for distractions. On the 8th you hear, through gossip, news of a financial transaction that you have wanted to participate in. Act on it early on the 9th. You may expect a windfall. By the full moon on the 14th, this busy period will be brought to a productive conclusion.

TAURUS, April 21–May 20. *If you wish to strengthen a relationship on the 2nd, do so diplomatically. At the opposition of Saturn to Venus (your ruler) on the 5th and 6th, a past problem recurs. Resolve it on the evening of the 8th. On the weekend of the 10th, your travelling companion could take the odd view. Do not be concerned, it is just a mood. From the 12th to the 15th, an intimate matter that has frustrated your plans begins to unfold. This is an important period in your personal life: Cancel other plans and concentrate on this private goal. Venus, your ruler, has persuasive Neptune for a companion. Personal happiness is at stake.*

GEMINI, May 21–June 21. Your versatile nature is given full range in keeping up with the many activities and duties expected of you. With your ruler, Mercury, in the sign of labour, Virgo, your co-workers will expect you to be in excellent form. You may have to return to an old and disappointing job, but good news summons you to a meeting on the morning of the 9th. An assignment that seems unimportant should be accepted. Prepare for the offer, on the 13th, of a higher responsibility that leads to a world of new ideas. The 13th is the most unusual day of the year for you and gives you a chance to express your best talent.

CANCER, June 22–July 22. The first three days would be suitable for a pleasant weekend with the family or a loved one before the rush of activities on the 5th to the 7th. An old problem that confronts you on the 8th can be readily resolved on the 9th. The Sun (position) is in Libra (partners) during these two weeks, and others will test you. Respond to their demands on the 11th and 12th. Jupiter, now in Scorpio (a Water sign), favours you, strengthening your judgment so that your speculations are wise. You may wish to assume a new rôle apart from your usual activities. If the political world attracts you, you would reap satisfaction now.

LEO, July 23–August 23. *During your holiday on the 2nd, surprising news may confuse you, detracting from important information that you could use to advantage on the 3rd. Between the 9th and the 13th is the best period to communicate ideas that might have been postponed or unsuccessful in the past; the response should be better now. Though your predominant trait is loyalty, changes are in order to eliminate many old and useless ties. Moving now into a new whirl of activities has an excellent chance of success, and acceptance of all things new is the route to take. Uranus offers new choices; Jupiter will test your judgment through these opportunities.*

VIRGO, August 24–September 22. Mercury in your sign brings a message from the past on the 2nd. All undertakings should be completed by the 7th, when a fervent wish is fulfilled. This is a most productive period, and it may be wise to ask for cooperation from those who may have been lax. An unusual opportunity is suggested on the 9th. Be ready to accept at the full moon—the 14th. The way in which you handle the present period may forecast the events of the coming year. Jupiter, the planet of a promising future, is in your department of written agreements along with Venus, your ruler. This suggests a more luxurious environment for you.

LIBRA, September 23–October 23. It would be best to avoid all social activities for the first five days—particularly a commitment to one you love. Someone's disappointing behaviour on the 6th could end an old friendship if you exert pressure by forcing an explanation. Return to working with a new business associate to lay foundations for a selling campaign. The project gathers strength as your ruler, Venus, moves toward a conjunction with Neptune (visual power) on the 13th and 14th. Time is the vital factor: Do not allow a routine duty to prevent you from completing this inspired project. Give priority to your dream.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. *Venus continues to occupy your sign while Mars (co-worker) and Mercury (labour) harmoniously combine in Virgo, so this is the time to complete a significant assignment by the 7th. On the 8th, you may direct your attention to a public project to dramatize the idea, but it will be rejected unless it meets the practical requirements of a conservative group. Jupiter's presence in your sign shows that it is a new idea with popular appeal that needs selling. From the 9th to the 15th you have the choice of using your charm to widen your social interests or of completing an assignment that is long overdue. On the 14th: a new admirer.*

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 21. As Mars (war) combines with Mercury (talk) on the 1st, many issues can be annoying until the underlying motives are clear to you. These planets occupy your tenth house of standing until the 7th. While they are there, it would be best to work in secret on a progressive idea. You will need the cooperation of a talented associate in initiating the plan on the 9th. There is opposition from an old source that could curb the enthusiasm needed to promote the idea. Remember that with your ruler, Jupiter (luck), working side by side with innovative Uranus, all constructive ideas are on the rise.

CAPRICORN, December 22–January 19. Your ruler, Saturn, is harmonious to Mercury on the 2nd, a good time for signatures, for agreements, or for persuading co-workers to endorse your program. On the 5th and 6th, you will meet with opposition, and proposals to others may be received with disinterest. This is caused by Saturn's standing still. Only at the time of the full moon, the 14th, do business activities take on importance. There seems to be social excitement, but it comes from duties rather than happy events. As always, Saturn (the planet of time) arrives on the horizon when there are happenings of significance in the history of those in Capricorn.

AQUARIUS, January 20–February 18. *Your ruler, Uranus, has optimistic Jupiter by its side providing you with a magnetic influence in persuading the public to hear your ideas. You could not hope for a more suitable time to advance a cause. The 13th is the appropriate day to bring your program to a splendid crescendo, for Mercury joins your ruler then. The full moon on the 14th should end the performance, the right time to rest and harvest results. To go past this winning time might reverse interest. This is the period to choose a new path. Changes made with Uranus (independence) in Libra (justice) instigate remarkable reforms.*

PISCES, February 19–March 20. You have Venus, the planet of peace and love, in conjunction with your ruler, Neptune. This is a happy time, with just two doubtful days when Saturn confronts Venus on the 5th and 6th. Then restrictions could curb your happy state with a note of reality until the 8th. The idyllic mood resumes on the 9th. Neptune rules photography, the visual arts; Venus rules fashion, decoration. All or any of these will be well received while these planets are partners, and the first half of this month is good to introduce your abilities in these fields. Whatever the offering, Saturn's test of Venus will demand a true expression of talent.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

Gwayne gossard fashions
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PRO VOC ATIVE



You don't even have to say "I love you." This ensemble conveys the message more romantically than a hand-polished sonnet. The gown is a soft flight of duPont nylon tricot with empire undertones defined in satin. Matching quilt robe. Affordable, practical luxury. Gown 5112, P, S, M, L, in vanilla cream (shown), cameo pink, crystal blue, periwink, fireside red, about $14. Robe 804, 10-18, same colors, about $35. The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago 60606.

GOSSARD-ARTEMIS KEEPS AMERICA BEAUTIFUL.

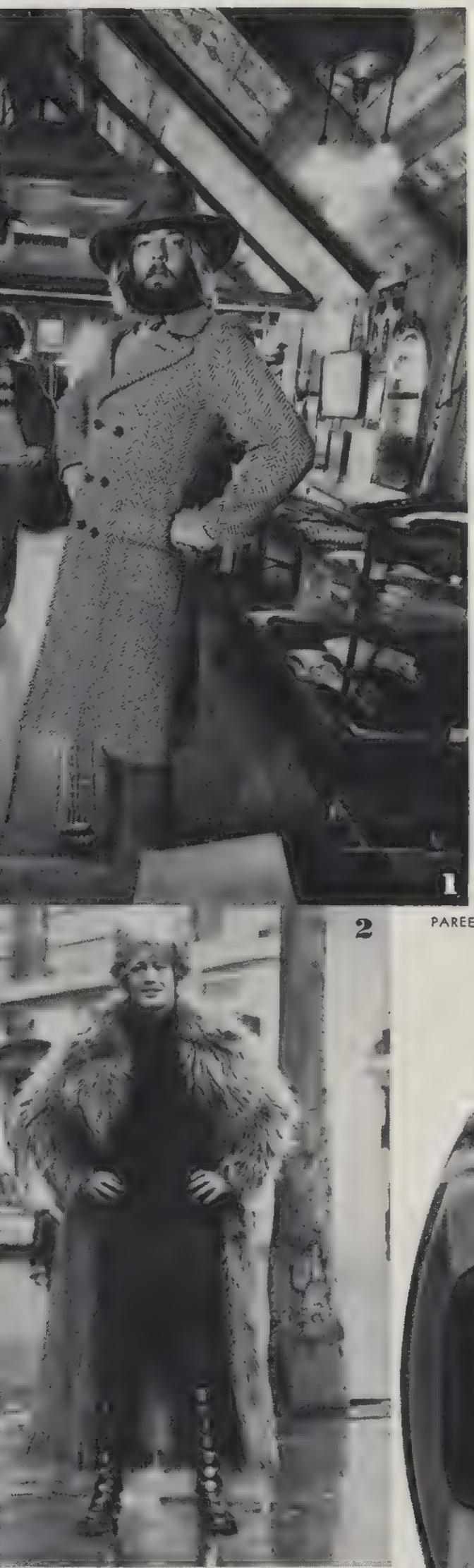
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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Now is the time for...

all good men to look into a new long coat; perhaps like ***Donald Sutherland's*** brown herringbone, **1,** that traces its way past the calf. $200 at Maxfield Bleu, 9091 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. **2.** Cardin looked to Tartary for a barbaric wool bright as a banked campfire. ***Richard Napier*** wears it with a chieftain's cap, knee-high silver-studded black patent boots. All, Pierre Cardin, 118 rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris. Bonwit Teller.



1

PAREE

2

GELBSMAN

3

Now is the time to place an advance order for one of the limited edition Pulsar timepieces. **3.** The wrist computer, in a case by Trova, has no moving parts, is programmed to display time—hours, minutes, seconds—by light-emitting diodes at a touch of the command button. $1,500, Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pa.



4

JACK ROBINSON

Larry Kert, starring in the hit play *Company,* is into the good idea of gentlemanly dress with a bit of snap. **4.** Longer, shapelier chamois-coloured cotton poplin raincoat. Polo by Ralph Lauren, $175, Bloomingdale's. **5.** Braided wool sport coat—oranges, browns, mauves, greys. About $145. Terra-cotta knit slacks, about $65; brown turtleneck, about $22. British woollen turnout: Carlo Palazzi for Jaeger. Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny.

5

Fight air pollution.

This public service message is brought to you from Paris, with love, by L'Air du Temps. The romantic Nina Ricci perfume.



DAVID BAILEY

OCTOBER 1, 1970

VOGUE'S eye view:

the eyes of Katmandu are upon you

From high atop ancient Bodhnath temple near Katmandu, capital of the Himalayan kingdom of Nepal, the huge, beautiful, heavy-lidded eyes of Buddha survey all four corners of the world with enigmatic majesty. Above a coiled Vedic numeral one, the mystical Third Eye. These golden eyes of Katmandu are heavily outlined with scarlet, then black, a thin scarlet line beneath arched black brows: something to consider now when imagination is what you need to be a beauty. Flights of fantasy taking off here, continuing through this issue.





BRIGHT IS THE COLOUR OF THE NEW-LOVE HAIR

By Bettina Bergery

". . . . and her *hair* was vivid *emerald* green!" said an American writer startled by the sudden image of Britain's bright young designer, Zandra Rhodes.

"David Bailey," countered a favourite, unstartled clairvoyant, "arrived from London with bright navy-blue hair."

Is it new for a Briton—who just happens to be an icon-clasting young photographer—to turn blue? . . . Perhaps not quite. When Caesar first met the people of that sceptred isle, they were painted entirely blue, clothed in woad—not the leaves, but a dye extracted from the leaves of this vaguely-watercress plant. Some of the men wore long moustaches dyed green or blue, and Queen Boadicea, who drove her own chariot of war, may have had indigo braids and a blue foundation for her makeup. In any event, the English of today—men and girls alike—are dyeing their hair red and yellow as well as green and blue. Daniel at Leonard's uses the tones of psychedelic zinnias in vegetable dyes that last for six to eight weeks. He did silver streaks for the pop singer-actress Lulu. And the English *jeunesse* esteems this brilliant blossoming so highly that if Oscar Wilde returned to London today he could no longer dazzle by his complaining remark: "In these days the young are monstrous . . . they have no more respect for dyed hair." . . . Assyrian frescoes of four thousand years ago show austere, compelling noblemen with long blue sideburns and green three-layered beards curled sausage-fashion. Can some young Englishman even now be "thinking of a plan to dye one's whiskers green?"

In Paris when Alexandre heard about David Bailey's streaming blue hair, he thought at once of Antoine, the famous coiffeur of the 'twenties, who appeared at Deauville with a mauve Russian borzoi—laundry bluing turned the trick. Soon other dogs went to the dyepots to match the colours of their owners' most dashing clothes—and eventually their hair; rinses became the fashion. Antoine excelled in exotic shades as well as powders and wigs, especially lacquered and gold and silver wigs, one of which Schiaparelli wore at St. Moritz.

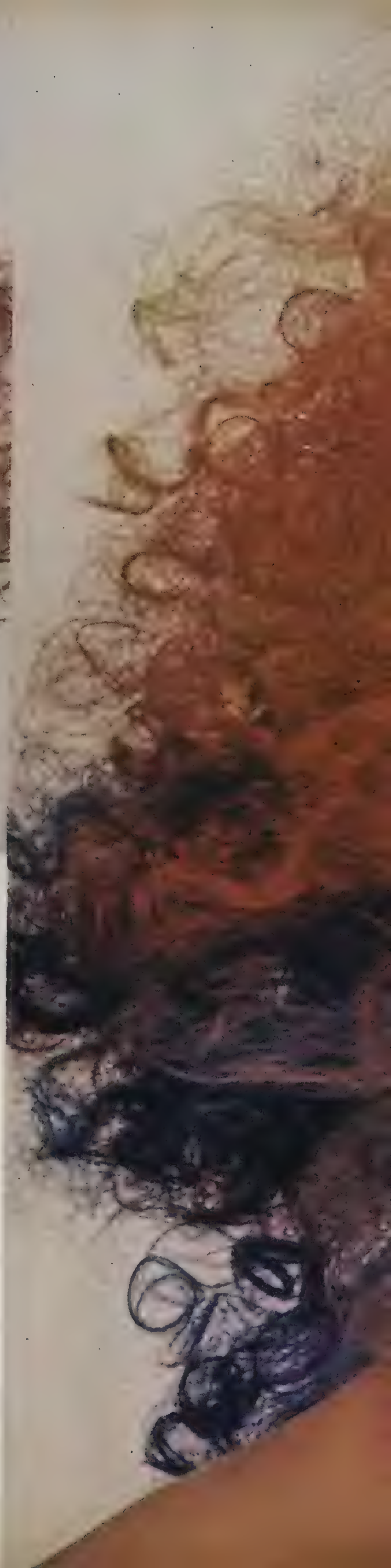
At the great costume balls of Étienne de Beaumont, royals and artists danced the nights through in magnificent coifs of green, violet, and bright garden pink. And the (Continued on page 212)

THE RAINBOW COMES AND GOES

The arrogance of beauty is absolute. It need only exist, and everything else becomes subject to it. For a beautiful woman, colour and imagination and fantasy are simply her rightful possessions. They are extensions of her, like her arms and her thighs, and they express her wordlessly and accurately, projecting her inner rainbow of hope and laughter. Colour is a clue to the state of her senses: tranquillity, turbulence, chill, passion, possibly everything at once. Marisa Berenson, on the page opposite, is one of the new young beauties to whom nothing is unthinkable except sameness. Vogue photographed her at a party, wearing a sapphire-blue Dynel wig made by Halston for Abbott Tresses. The tie-dyed hat that rolls back from her brow like a flawlessly timed clap of thunder is by Halston.

BERRY BERENSON





HEAD ON . . . A COLLISION OF COLOUR

Consider the evenings when it is overwhelmingly imperative that one be not merely beautiful, but cataclysmic. A tidal wave. A *force majeure*. A time when every attitude one takes is rivetting, and every look one intercepts is fraught. Marisa Berenson, above and at right, surrounds her superlative face with a tempest of ringlets, cresting with poppy and flame and Parma violet, the breath-stopper wigs created in Dynel by Walter Fountaine of New York and London, and made by Bergmann.

PENN



BEAUTY *bulletin*



THE LILAC-SHADED FACE

The audacious incandesence at left is all feminine, all mystery, all part of the wild new mood for mauve. Helena Rubinstein has just disclosed a whole ombrée of lilac, from the palest of lavenders to the most passionate of peonies. Here, the new Rubinstein Youngette Face in Illumination Make-up: for eyes, Lumina Lilac over Smoky Lilac eye shadow, eyelined in Smoky Lilac. For blush, Pink Lilac Soufflé Cheek Color. For mouth, frosted Electra-Lilac lipstick. The makeup artist is John Richardson. Suga coif. Arrogant colour-mad muffs of tie-dyed Emba mink: Georges Kaplan.

AVEDON

THE RAINBOW FACE

Drench your world in colour. Sink in it up to your psyche. The colours you wear are your signals, open or oblique, sensuous or exuberant. Play with them. Use them as freely as words, with deliberate, voluptuous extravagance. The fabulous face at right could have surfaced in a Fellini film; instead it was created by Gil of Max Factor for Vogue in Paris.



THE RAINBOW RISES IN THE EAST

[redacted] another. The poetic fantasy-face on the page opposite was drawn for Vogue in Rome by Mizue Nishioka of Shiseido. The makeup is called Kiji and was inspired by Mila Schön's collection. The satiny cap of hair, with its delicate, daring stripes, is the work of Sergio Valente.

The almond sliver of a face, at left, painted [redacted] named Butuzo, after a Japanese goddess. Again by Shiseido's Mizue Nishioka with Mila Schön's collection in mind. The Sergio Valente hairdo is stabbed by Mila Schön's gold-and-enamel pins; and the three gold neckbands, one black enameled, are from Loris Abate.



BEAUTY AS PERSONALITY

By Sachindra K. Majumdar

Today as part of a general picture of the times we see the emergence of a new, young beauty, heart-warming and purifying in its total appeal and in its air of the "born free."

We live at a time of great and radical changes which mark the death of an old order and the birth of a new. We are turning away from the falsities and pretenses which are smothering life, to its simple and basic values. It is not a return to the past but a venture into the future through rediscovery of the perennial truths based on wider understanding. In this age of transition it is the young who are bringing us this awakening. Truth does not pay homage to society; society must pay homage to truth or it will die. There is truth in today's rebellion of the young. The new generation, except where it has been cut off from the fresh breath of a new life by a rigid, outmoded upbringing of the past, is not a reproduction but a mutation. They think differently, they look different, feel different, act different.

Some of the young people are so captivating in their simplicity and naturalness and spontaneity—they are like fresh flowers of the field. Their structure is different and more elegant and their plain costume—often blue jeans—sets off the unadorned beauty of form and look. I have no doubt that though the young today may not clearly recognize, in their unwisdom, their true inspiration, life is asserting through them its simple truths.

What is the secret of the captivating new beauty of the young and how can it be acquired? . . . The new beauty is an answer to life's demand for a higher expression; it is born of the demand for light and air, of the new freedom the young breathe and a new sense of personality they have. This phenomenon flows from the basic spiritual qualities of beauty which appeal to civilized taste and which are often and easily overlooked in an atmosphere of materialism.

The new beauty of the young is purer, and in it we recognize that unspoiled and enduring beauty is ultimately one with goodness and truth; that it is more a matter of personality and culture than of pure physical endowment and adornment.

Civilization is essentially the realization of certain spiritual values—the drive of history is toward the manifestation of the higher qualities of life: love, truth, goodness, and freedom. Beauty is the attraction of these qualities; it is the appeal of perfection which is the ultimate spiritual truth of personality. (Continued on page 216)

THE RAINBOW COMES AND STAYS There is an almost dizzying presence of colour in perfume—the green of moss, the pink of rose petals, the leaping yellow of jonquils, the silvery cream of lilies. Sensuous, shimmering Infini, the first new perfume to be decanted by Caron in fifteen years, seems to embrace a sky-full of colour, a myriad melting of one scent into another until the senses float with pleasure. Infini is bottled in starkly sculpted crystal, designed by Serge Mansau who studied with Picasso. The feeling of both perfume and bottle is one of now, of tomorrow, of ad infinitum. . . . The entrancing head, opposite, appears to be basking in the very heart of a rainbow, but the unbelievably delicate prisms of colour are tinted on the hair itself by Daniel at Leonard's of London, by means of a special process that leaves the hair surpassingly silken to the touch. More details in Beauty Checkout, page 60-D.

CLIVE ARROWSMITH

COLOUR DAZZLES THE EYE

The sweet hypnotic gaze, at right, is made immeasurably more potent by the dream-blurred softness of Polly Bergen's new Burgundy Smudge Liquid Eye Colour, deepest toward the inner lid, lighted with Snow Pink. In the same heart-catching mood, the Liquid Cheek Colour is Crystal Bronze; the Liquid Mouth Colour, Forever Umber; and the Liquid Perfection Face Make-up is Pale Ivory. The makeup, by John Richardson. Suga coif. ...Peacock feather and baby shell necklaces, by Cliff Nicholson. Henri Bendel.

COLOUR BRAZENS THE CHEEKS.

There's a fresh, wild, joyous pink curving the cheeks, babying the skin of the stirring face at right. From Charles of the Ritz's dramatic new all-gel Pretty Face Pommades: Sheer Rose Blush ClearGel Pommade glossed just below the cheekbones. Eyes made appealingly round with Eggshell Blue and Soft Violets CremeGel Eye Shadow Pommade; mouth gleaming through Pombronze ClearGel Pommade. The lashes are called Long and Lacey.... The-tie-dyed chiffon dress with its ruffled shawl, and the spate of jewels, by Surgit and Adarsh Gill for Saz. Jewels (to order) and turnout: Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.



BEAUTY
bulletin

YOUR SKIN IS YOUR JEWEL

Clothes are bliss, rubies are heaven, and cosmetics are the most inventive ever. Yet the first, the unforgettable impact is *you*. Your face, your skin—radiant, clear, *appétisante*, captivating the senses like the vision at left. Nothing could be more to the point than Charles Revson's new Ultra Facial Series by Ultima II, which gives you three extraordinary creams (applied and removed in such a way as to provide maximum exercise and stimulation) made to cleanse, freshen, and burnish your complexion, to polish it like a matchless cabochon. The series comprises Gentle Planing Facial—itself a two-part workout with Facial Planing Cream and Before and After Lotion—Intensive Moisture Facial, and Firming Peel-Off Masque.



COLOUR IS A KALEIDOSCOPE

Colour is haughty, it's hedonistic, it's a game played for delicious fun. And in all the splendour of blazing emeralds, diamonds, rubies, and molten gold, your face is the focus, vivid as never before, flushed and brilliant as an imperious child's, surging with the glow of inspired skin care, bewitching with the boldest, most compelling of Ultima II makeups....The tie-dyed panne velvet has been shaped into a pullover and skirt with a long matching scarf thrown over the shoulders. Turnout at Altman's. Scarf and tie-dyed silk head-wrapping at Neiman-Marcus. All by Sara Shelburne. The torrent of jewels is from Van Cleef & Arpels.

AVEDON

GOOD NAILS– HOW TO GROW THEM, HOW TO KEEP THEM, HOW TO GIVE THEM A HAND...GLORIOUSLY

No getting around it—good nails, on well kept hands, are an essential touch to beauty, but not easy for everyone to come by. Many nails are needy, and tend to look less than their best because of splits, breaks, raggedness, and other troublesome signs of weakness that come from various causes—could be illness, occupational hazards, dietary deficiencies, lack of care, or a genetic factor that's just the fickle fingernail of fate.

To understand the care of nails it's good to understand, also, how they are formed. The visible nail is a hard plate that originates in the nail matrix—this, located at the base of the nail. Only the top of the matrix shows, in the form of the lunula or moon; the rest of it, oval-shaped like the nail itself, is down under the skin (a diagram of the two looks like a loosely-looped figure eight). The nail bed is the soft tissue under the nail, and contains the small blood vessels which supply nourishment to the matrix—you can't have a good nail without a good matrix. Nail plates are composed of keratin, a protein also important to hair and skin, plus smaller quantities of calcium, phosphorus, and trace metals.

Can nails be made to grow faster? Possibly. Nail growth varies with the individual. It's fastest in youth (what isn't?), decreases with age. Middle fingernails grow fastest, right-hand nails —on right-handed people—grow faster than those of the left hand. Pregnancy increases nail growth, also activities like typing and piano playing; constant tapping of nails against keys causes increased nail production, in the same way that a lot of rubbing against the skin causes calluses—an overproduction of skin. Most pianists keep their nails short, which also promotes growth. (Tip to practicing pianists: a little strip of masking tape spread over the nail tip to prevent the pesky splits that result from tricky keyboard manoeuvres.) Increased nail production, then, could mean taking up a new hobby that uses the hands more. Other helps: buffing, or massaging the fingers toward the tip to improve circulation.

"Nails are not just ornaments," according to Dr. Norman Orentreich, an eminent dermatologist. "They are efficient tools and serve important purposes. They act as amplifiers, increasing the sensation of touch in the fingertips. Like hair and skin, nails are mirrors of the body and reflect health that's less than perfect." They are also convenient little indicators of blood circulation—during surgery, for instance, a doctor can make a quick test of circulation by putting light pressure on the nail, then observing how rapidly the blood returns to the nail bed. For this reason, a lot of pre-hospital manicures are short-lived—women are often asked to remove their nail polish from fingers and toes before an operation, since the polish would obscure the test. Horizontal ridges, similar on all the nails, usually indicate a past illness. Little white spots, splattered around on nails, are said to be an indication of frayed nerves; they could also result from trauma or disease. They will grow out. Faint lines lengthwise on the nail indicate dryness—and show, according to one unchivalrous observer, that one will never see forty again. Aging nails get a more slovenly supply of keratin, resulting in more brittleness and ridges; therefore, they require extra care.

What's harmful? Some women think nail polish is, but there seems to be no basis for this, except for a possible allergy situation. Nail polish protects and strengthens, as well as beautifies, the nail. Care must be taken, however, in using nail polish remover. This is largely acetone, and excessive use of it—every day, for instance—could dry out some of the essential cementing ingredients of the nail plate and cause splitting. Better to touch up polish between manicures, rather than to remove it every time there is a chip. Other chemicals are damaging—detergents or other solvents can cause roughening, softening, or fractures of the nail plate. If such things must be used, remember to wear protective gloves. The use of nail hardeners shouldn't be overdone, since hardness can readily become brittleness. Dr. Orentreich points out that some of these products contain free formalin—an ingredient that could cause allergies or, in extreme cases, separation of the nail plate from the (Continued on page 206)

COOL HAND LOOK— LONG-OVAL NAILS, LEADING FROM STRENGTH

. . . or, to put it in a Measure-for-Measurably more poetic way, "The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good," which could suggest, perhaps, the idea that beauty and health go well together—an idea that applies, certainly, to nails, as shown, opposite, on what could be the hand of the times, now. Strong, slender, competent. A firm wrist. Oval nails gleaming with health and good care, moons showing through pale polish. This hand hath made fair nails. Good nails. . . .

AVEDON

JOIE DE JEUNESSE



A ravishing girl—tall, with tremendously long legs, strong large hands with unpolished nails. Dark hair and bright dark eyes, luminous tanned skin, an enchanting childlike smile. Half Italian, half American, Pilar Crespi is wholly herself. Her conversation mixes Italian bravura, Irish humour, American shock and dash. She speaks slowly, clearly, perhaps translating and searching for the right word. The hesitation is beguiling, as is her absolute stillness as she talks—no gestures, nothing moves. Her candour is tonic, her curiosity nonstop. (Continued, next page.)

Pilar's mad for leather and this is just the sort of look she loves, right: bare little halter top of grey suède fringe swinging over a buckskin skirt. **A gentle beauty,** opposite, her piled-high hair webbed with light. Coiffures by Ara Gallant.

PILAR CRESPI

AVEDON

PILAR CRESPI

Spirited, generous, extremely close to her friends—*il capo*, the leader, of her *gruppetto*. She hasn't a clue how to cook but has a great passion for food. Doesn't need much sleep, doesn't spend hours dressing. Her happiest time is during the Italian summer in Sardinia on a boat or on the beach—the informal evenings with friends, eating pasta, dancing, talking. She is tanned and content, yet has the discipline to take on a project and stick with it. She can play it both ways and does. Beautiful. **Romantic, two moods.** Left, Pilar as soft and dreamy as a pre-Raphaelite heroine. Right, all verve and dash in Adolfo's black felt hat.

AVEDON



SECRET

Discipline. An exquisite balance between the public time and the totally private time, between exercise and rest. . . . Alertness—to the first signs of falter in the beauty mechanism. Then diligence—in tackling an incipient problem before the alarm goes off. . . . Knowledge—a search for it that allows for no giving in to the "insurmountable." . . . These are beauty weapons of the unfailingly fascinating fascinators. Here: clues they've uncovered in the quest. (Names, pertinent details, page 206.)

PSYCHE-AIDS

Physique and psyche both crying for help? Try *massage*—indispensable feature in Paragon Beauty's survival kit. Massage for toning, for shaping, for smoothing, for stimulating, for tranquillizing, for you-name-it. Consider the schedule of Joseph Rottenburger, who devotes his gifted hands tirelessly to the cause. He sets out at 5:30 A.M. to rev up and de-kink dynamos, ready them for the day. Around midnight he finishes rubbing away the Beautiful Cares of the Day. And for each client he's done a different massage, "cured" a different ailment, saved another day. Since Joseph can't do everybody, there are, fortunately, equally gifted hands. See page 206. . . . ***Headaches a headache?*** Keep track of the *medical news*. From the American Association for the Study of Headache: chocolate was a migraine precipitant in 75% of one test group. Alcohol was in 25%. . . . And as for the morning-after headache, Dr. Donald J. Dalessio has pointed out that the fructose in honey, ripe fruits, vegetables, tomato juice quickens the cure.

THE BEAUTIFUL HAIRKEEPING

Scalp too oily, too dry? Fallout is too fast? Losing the battle with dandruff? Since these vexations usually have to do with oil-gland malfunction caused by tension, fatigue, diet, illness, or glandular goings-on which affect hormonal production, Paragon Beauty heads first for the dermatologist. . . . For *thinning hair*, if a hormone count reveals an estrogen deficiency, doctor might prescribe estrogen internally or estrogen lotions externally. For *bald spots*, Dr. Norman Orentreich, inventor of men's hair transplants, reports that 10% of scalps receiving transplants now belong to women. "Women are easier because they retain their hairline. You fill in behind it." . . . For dandruff, doctor determines which of several varieties, orders appropriate shampoo (very important), maybe steroid lotion, for severe cases scalp injections. . . . *Dry hair* and scalp case usually told to shampoo less frequently, to condition constantly, to avoid hot hair dryers. For dye-dried scalp: steroid in cream or liquid form. . . . For oily hair and scalp, Dr. Irwin Lubowe, author of *New Hope for Your Hair*, suggests diet chary of butter, cheese, fried foods, chocolates, nuts, iodized salts; minimal brushing and massage; ultraviolet light; frequent shampooing with oil-reducing shampoos. . . . ***Hair suffering from abuse—or just plain lacklustre?*** Here the hair-conditioning specialist, known in England as a trichologist, comes to the rescue, coaxes into better ways hair made dry and brittle by tinting, teasing, permanenting, straightening—or too much sun, salt, chlorinated water. With special formulas, ultraviolet light, heat caps, high-frequency treatments, and very careful, informed massage, they perform miracles on hair given up for lost. . . . ***Split ends?*** To avoid, see that ends are trimmed every four to six weeks. Over-processed ends are far more delicate and, Rose Reti of the House of Revlon explained, the longer a split remains, the farther it travels up the shaft, the more fragile the hair becomes. . . . ***Colour's disconcerting?*** The hair's condition is probably responsible. All the star colourists agree that colour gives more manageability to hair. "But the hair colourist should be the one to judge who should and who should not have her hair tinted," said Leslie Blanchard, at whose new Private World of Leslie Blanchard trichology, as well as colour, is stressed. "Conditioning is the most important step in colour," said Marie McGrath, colour director for Coiffures Americana at Bergdorf Goodman, who never tackles tinting until she's nursed overcoloured hair back to health. . . . ***Hair too curly?*** Jaffry's remains *the* place for straightening. "It ain't elegant but the work is great," said one of the many elegant clients of Mr. Jaffry, who also ships his mysterious white-cream straightener to titled heads overseas. For maintenance, he advises straightened ladies to use conditioner after every shampoo; to groom with a light hair cream if the scalp is dry; to take it very easy with hair spray. . . . ***Revised cut wanted?*** The Paragon Beauty goes to a specialist. "An expert stylist is not necessarily a good cutter," said Paul Mitchell of Henri Bendel. "You wouldn't go to a general practitioner for plastic surgery. If the hair is cut properly every month—that's the answer to 90% of women's hair problems." Styling philosophy of many of the swinging young salons where the scissors work to music and hair is "set," bodified, combed-out, and dried by a skillfully manipulated blow-dryer: No permanents or straightening needed. With proper cutting and blow-drying, hair can be made curlier or straighter, thin hair can gain the illusion of bulk. . . . ***Which wig and how to handle?*** Paragon Beauty loves the ease of synthetic wigs, but she still has a taste for the superbly made-to-order human-hair wig which Alfredo puts together with exquisite Italian craftsmanship. At Kenneth's they'll work up a hairpiece with your own hair, if it's long. . . . As for care, human-hair should be cleaned, not washed, by a professional. Although synthetics are wash 'n wear, Paragon Beauty usually leaves their shampoo to the experts, too. At Kenneth's, she deposits wig with the service department while her own hair's being done. Wig's ready to leave when she is. . . . ***Hair you'd rather not keep?*** Waxing's still the favoured way to keep legs and face temporarily denuded, but permanent removal by electrolysis becomes more charming. Dorothy Furman, to whom many clients are referred by doctors, has a way of defoliating a whole chin at one sitting by combining electrolysis and waxing. Her concern for maintaining the health of skin while relieving it of excess hair is treasured by her clients. . . .

WEAPONS

OF THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

The experts they go to, what the fascinators do for themselves to keep their looks coming up rosy....

THE BODYWORKS

Regular appointments with the exercise studio, the dance class, the yoga expert, the swimming pool keep the Paragon Beauty in great shape. Now what does she do about those little naggers that happen even in the survival of the fittest? . . . ***What diet can be a forever diet?*** A very high protein, very low carbohydrate diet is the only answer in the opinion of most current diet researchers. Vogue's Super Diet (June) is a delicious version of one devised with Dr. Robert Atkins, Beautiful People diet doctor and carbohydrate metabolism specialist. . . . ***Spot reducing?*** At some salons, taping works on stubborn fat accumulated around thighs, hips. One young fascinator just lost 5″ of derrière at the Ann Benné salon, where the scoop is: paraffin baths, massage, and wrapping of specific areas in tapes soaked in a secret formula. . . . For cellulite (technical name for much spotty fat), Alfred Kagan, medical masseur, recommends to his patients massage plus: nightly bath with Epsom salts; several tiny meals a day; lots of noncarbonated mineral water—and sleep. . . . ***Swollen ankles, legs, hands, eyes?*** Water retention is probably responsible. Doctors suggest: Low sodium diet. Keep legs elevated whenever possible. One M.D. prescribes diuretics every other day during menstruation. . . . For puffed-up eyelids, sleep with head of bed elevated 4″, another doctor said. "Fluid collected in feet by gravity during day moves to head when one lies flat." . . . ***Varicose veins?*** Surgery not always necessary. Many physicians now using sclerosing agents for superficial veins. Injected into vein, they cause it to dry up, disappear. . . . ***Hurting feet?*** In addition to Her Podiatrist, always big name in the beauty's address book, informed foot massage by non-medical people is keeping many swingers swinging. Yolanda Brown, for instance, works on feet (and feet only) with deep-compression massage. Because all nerve endings find their way to feet, this system directs itself to ailments elsewhere in the body that may have been originally caused by a little corn here, a little callus there. "By not walking well, you create aches all over." Many doctors refer patients to Mrs. Brown, go to her themselves. ***Troubled nails?*** Cure's on the way. See page 129.

THE BEAUTIFUL FACE SAVERS

Face too dry, too oily, too pore-y? Too early getting old? Naturally the face of the Paragon Beauty never shows evidence of these problems. With her, cleanliness is next to youthfulness, and the professional *facial* is as crucial as an unfailing supply of mineral water. In the first place, for cleansing in depth. In the second, for a variety of skin problems. For the well-oiled complexions of young people, a facial relieves oiliness, alleviates acne, seems to reduce enlarged pores. The mature skin wants facials to thwart dryness, discourage lineage, remove whiteheads, strengthen facial muscles. . . . All the facial experts (who, you'll find, are usually Hungarian—if not that, Rumanian) have their own delicious bag of tricks. With thistledown fingers they gentle a face with good-smelling brews. With chemicals or buffing they "peel" needy faces. With electric devices they vacuum skin, fortify muscles, eradicate faint lines. Then they send you forth, fresh as tomorrow morning, with instructions for facial behaviour between facials. ("No soap," says Georgette Klinger. "No massage," says Miss Hills at Kenneth's.) . . . ***Acne, brown spots, uncomely variations in pigment?*** To the rescue: The dermatologist with *dermabrasion,* a process which wipes out a host of dismaying skin aberrations. Diminishes active acne, erases acne scars and fine lines. Removes sun-damaged tissue, leaving protected tissue underneath to shine anew. Restores uniform colour to older skins (deep *peelings* with chemicals effective here, too). *Cryotherapy,* a freezing technique, steps in where dermabrasion fears to tread—such as the removal of "liver spots" from the back of hands. . . . ***Visible blood vessels?*** Word of caution: Don't touch. Ice packs and massage just make them more apparent. *Electrodesiccation* routs little red lines around nose and cheeks instantly. . . . ***Cold sores?*** A common virus disease, also called fever blisters—Herpes Simplex is official name. For quick dispatching: Gamma globular or steroid injections. Plus drying and antibacterial liquids. . . . ***Furrowed brow?*** *Silicone injections* plump up lined forehead, sometimes "laugh lines," too. (Then there are methods which teach you not to get these in the first place. Jessica Krane's Face-O-Metrics, for instance.) . . . ***Nervous rash?*** Tension that shows up in the skin is often treated with steroid ointments. Colloidal oatmeal baths. Cortisone injections. But holidays in soothing climes and recharging waters maintain the most remarkable rate of cure. . . . ***Mole—is it dangerous?*** Fortunately, one fast look tells most doctors which moles have bad intentions. If it's benign, they remove just the visible portion. (There is no danger of triggering malignancy if it is removed.) . . . ***Makeup letting you down?*** Makeup masters stand ready in all the big salons to restyle faces, teach application and the fine art of camouflage, what to disguise and what to revise. As Damon Michaels of Kenneth's put it: "Some features may not be conventionally 'pretty,' but they give the face a certain character that should not be altered." . . . ***Need a party face in a hurry?*** Perhaps the most comforting makeup artist is the one who comes to your house to do your going-out face. Many of the great ones do. For a price, of course. Some even join at-home makeup with at-home hairdressing, a thrilling combination of services that puts its purveyor at the top of the Most Wanted list.

PERTINENT DETAILS ABOUT THE EXPERTS: PAGE 206

ON THE WATER FRONT

LIFE, HEALTH, BEAUTY, POWER— WHATEVER YOU WANT IT TO BE, WATER IS...

Womanly vanity aside, it is really water that runs our world. Unique in the relatively waterless universe, the earth's surface is almost seventy-five per cent water. And seventy-five per cent of us is water, too. We're water babies, born and bred. Each of us in embryo form passed through a succession of stages resembling the stages of evolution, a phenomenon that prompted E.H. Haeckel's principle of recapitulation: that ontogeny — or the course of an individual's development — repeats phylogeny — or its evolutionary history. A fascinating concept that may explain why we feel so soothed and cheered by water, from bubbled tub to shining sea. We might, by rights, be happiest in the sea, since we are little seabed-off bits of sea ourselves. Evolved from sea creatures who retired to shore permanently at a time when the saline content of the sea was less than it is at present, our "internal sea" of body fluids runs on less salt than seawater, but the balance between our intracellular and extracellular fluids — crucial to our well-being — depends upon it. Ancient Chinese are said to have committed suicide by eating a cup of salt and then literally drinking themselves to death, overtaking the kidney's filter and drowning in their own bodily water. Happily, however, we rarely drink too much water — eight glasses a day may very well be what really keeps the doctor away. And though we Americans tend to soap too much, it's unlikely we can bathe too much: baths have been a natural source of pleasure since our splashing babyhoods. Water's versatility in our lives is boundless. Warm, it cleanses and relaxes us, chicken-soups us. Frozen, it chills our drinks, floating, unlike run-of-the-mill solids, upon its liquid self. Its power lights our nights. We can play on it and in it in nearly all its guises. We skate and fish and sail on ice; for an Eskimo, it's home. We ski and sled and frolic on snow. On water, we can fish and ski and sail and surf. In it, we can swim and dive and snorkel. Nothing is more tranquilizing than the sight and sound and feel of water, the incredible beauty of it. It is total freshness and refreshment. To float serenely under the sun, gravity defied, a cushion between us and the world... to feel the long clean stretch of muscle swimming... to dive into its silky crystal embrace. We fit. We really are at home.

Water-babying yourself

It was in the stars. Max Factor, wizard of the beauty life, has now taken the plunge into the bath realm with the dawning of Aquarius, delicious new bath-and-body indulgences redolent with a lingering, light spiced woods-and-flowers perfume. Marisa Berenson is the water baby at right, basking in a foam-blanketed, sea-blue pool—that's the magic of adding Aquarius Bath Gelée to the bath water. It's a natural bath for an Aquarian, which Marisa happens to be, and for every Aries through Pisces as well. There's more bath magic in Bath Silk and Bath Spirits, and, for after the bath, After-Bath Powder, Perfume Essence, Spray Cologne Mist, and Body Splash friction lotion. And for sybarites who won't quit, Body Gleamer —a shimmery pink potion that polishes every inch of pampered skin with fragrant iridescence. Heavenly....

BERRY BERENSON





THE IMPORTANCE OF NOSES

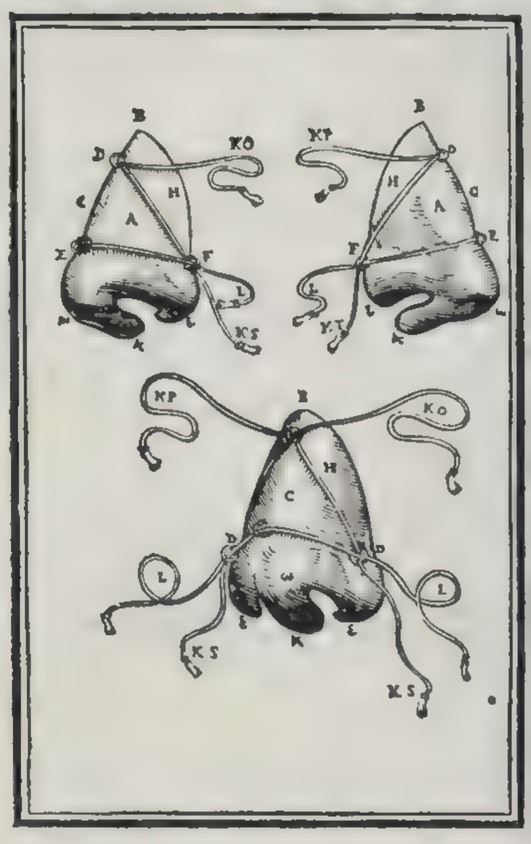


Right, etching from *De Curtorum Chirurgia per Insitionem,* by Gasparo Tagliacozzi—the extraordinary Bolognese surgeon who first wrote, in 1597, about rhinoplasty—illustrating the surgeon's famous nose reconstruction with a skin graft from the forearm. Straps lock the arm and the nose in position until the skin graft has "taken."



Above, three sizes of noses, "small, very large, and medium," from *Della Fisionomia dell'Huomo,* 1623, by the Italian physician Giambattista della Porta, an authority on physiognomy—the practice, for centuries considered scientific, of determining character by facial features.

Right, another etching from the Tagliacozzi book depicting nose moulds made of lead, silver, or gold (for rich patients) to be strung over newly grafted noses in order to protect them, for a while, from accidents and cold weather, and, supposedly, to help them acquire a good, permanent shape.





Left, "Those who have wide and large nostrils are indeed ready to anger, savage and powerful like bulls or lions," wrote extravagantly Della Porta, in spite of the meek look of both beast and man.

What plastic surgery can do to make you beautiful... more interesting

"Quite handsome, if she had only had nose. . . ." Stendhal

THE NOSE: A tiny hollow pyramid of muscle and skin divided in two mucosa-lined vestibules by a sheet of cartilage—the septum—roofed on top by two plates of bone—the bridge—and flanked, below, by two pairs of cartilage: the "upper" and the "lateral." These, also called wings, arch around the nostrils and converge to form the nose tip, which in turn is connected to the upper lip by a delicate wedge of flesh: the columella.

When a nose is wrong, it might as well be a papier-mâché nose fastened to a face with a rubber band. No matter how vivacious the eyes, how mobile and sensitive the mouth, and gentle the curve of the chin, the face seems to be *only* nose.

Rhinoplasty—plastic surgery of the nose—can reduce, straighten, build up, lengthen, shorten, scoop out, tilt up and down a wrong nose; it can do everything from total reconstruction of tissue and bone to the correction of the slightest malfunction in breathing, smelling, or uttering a vocal sound.

The most popular operation, so common that many people immediately associate it with fleshy-nosed teenagers, is the *reduction* rhinoplasty. Parrot's beak, hawk, potato, shovel-tipped, thick-bridged noses—these are some of the wrong

TANCE

noses many people find intolerable for themselves, noses that make them crowd the waiting rooms of plastic surgeons and ear-nose-and-throat specialists.

The actual steps of the operation, say the surgeons, as long as the planned order of the various steps is meticulously respected, are relatively easy. The difficulty lies in deciding just how much to remove and how much to leave behind. It is this decision, measured within sixteenths of an inch—for it takes only so little to show a significant change in a nose—that makes rhinoplasty one of the most delicate, complex, and unpredictable plastic operations ever devised.

Surgery is performed from inside the nose and under local anaesthesia administered painlessly right after the injection of a short-acting barbiturate. This prevents the patient from bleeding as much as he would under general anaesthesia, and keeps the face looking natural during the operation: a guide for the surgeon who constantly has to consider the future relationship of the nose to the face. The tip, which the surgeon reaches after delicately separating the mucous membrane from the skin and exposing the cartilage, is often reshaped first; second, the hump of the bridge is removed; third, the septum is cut shorter—or straightened—and, particularly in thick-skinned hooked noses, (Continued on page 213)

Far left, exquisitely conspicuous, with arched nostrils that seem to breathe a distant scent, this nose is a projection of character, an instrument of sensuality—summing up the woman's entire face. *Right,* no surgery for this nose, a lovely arrow jutting down from a smooth, unconcerned forehead to a geometrical tip: it is a nose worthy of Attic marble.

BY SIMONA MORINI



Via Valentino

THE PLEASURED WORLD OF GENGHIS KHAN...VELVETS AND SILKS DEEP IN TARTAR DESIGNS...PURPLE, MAUVE, YELLOW, CEDAR GREEN, AND THE DEEP RIPE COLOURS OF CRUSHED BERRIES...TASSELS ZIPPING THINGS UP...HEADS HOODED LIKE MONGOL HORSEMEN'S....

Printed wool coat, right—Tartar purple, green, peach, mauve, and yellow double-faced by magenta wool—as narrow and irresistible as a lance, and belted over a matching crêpe de Chine print dress. At Martha; I. Magnin.
A Tamerlane coat, left, sumptuous and sleeveless in printed velvet whorls of violets, deep reds, mauves, and —under it—a matching crêpe de Chine hooded dress in lighter, brighter shades of the print. Slashed coat and dress: both at Martha. To order at I. Magnin.
Both pages: boots by Dal Cò for Valentino.

PENN





Via Valentino

Gaucho slash, left, to show booted legs—on a black wool mididress scarfed—and sombrero-ed—with a pampas air. At Lord & Taylor; to order at I. Magnin. Earrings by Kenneth J. Lane for Valentino.

The widest cape in the world, above, circling round and round in beige double-faced jacquard wool, a rope of lynx furring hood and hem. At Martha; to order at I. Magnin.

Black on black on black on more black, right, in a sensational play of jet, wool, feathers, chiffon—the long boa could go on spiralling forever about the chiffon accordion-pleated shirt and wool midiskirt. To order at Martha. At I. Magnin. Both pages: Valentino hats, gloves, stockings. Satin boots by Dal Cò for Valentino.

...GAUCHO SHAWLS AND SOMBREROS...BLACK
TASSELS SWINGING...SLIT SKIRTS...BOOTS
...THE WIDEST CAPES AROUND...THE LONGEST
BOAS WRAPPED AT RANDOM...WRAPPED HEADS



PENN

The evening starts...



BERT STERN

. . . AND LOULOU DE LA FALAISE STARTS THINGS UP AIRILY WITH A FLICK OF HER HEAD, A KICK OF HER HEEL, AND A LEOPARD CHIFFON TUNIC-COAT THAT'S SIMPLY BLAZING WITH SARI GOLD; THE SHEER TUNIC-COAT OPENS LIKE A SHAH'S SO YOU CAN SEE THE SHIMMERING PANTS AND LOULOU'S GOOD LONG LEGS.



BIRGITTA SAYN-WITTGENSTEIN IS WRAPPED AND FRINGED IN MINK SO DEEP AND DARK AND MADLY LUXURIOUS IT COULD BE THE START-ALL AND END-ALL OF EVERY WINTER EVENING THERE IS–MINK TAILS BLANKET THE CAPE COLLAR IN THICK, THICK FRINGE AND COAST ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEM.

Turnout, far left, by Ben Reig. Bergdorf Goodman; I.S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Oscar de la Renta necklace. Bracelets, Bill Smith for Richelieu. David Evins shoes. Coat, left, of "Blackglama," natural dark ranch mink, by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon. Saks Fifth Avenue. Beatrice Jaberg earrings. David Evins boots. These fourteen pages, Kenneth coiffures and wigs.

PATTERN ON PATTERN WORN BY ANJELICA HUSTON AND LOULOU DE LA FALAISE–OVER LACED BOOTS–JACQUARD PATTERNS, PRINTED PATTERNS, VERY TOGETHER ON CRÊPE DE CHINE COATS, SHIRTS, SKIRTS.

. . . ANJELICA'S COAT HAS A FISHER COLLAR AND LOULOU'S A FLOURISH OF BRISTLY BADGER.

BERT STERN

The evening starts— pattern on pattern

PATTERN ON PATTERN WORN BY LOULOU DE LA FALAISE— A DELICIOUSLY ROMANTIC PEASANT DRESS . . . ALL AIR AND COLOUR AND TIE-DYED CHIFFON . . . A RUFFLED SHAWL BLOWS OVER IT. LOTS OF NECKLACES SHINE AND SWAY.

Far left: scarfed turnouts by Adolfo, in acetate and rayon (Fisher & Gentile fabrics). Hats, also by Adolfo. All, Saks Fifth Avenue. Left: Monet rings; Calderon belt; Beautiful Bryans tights; Golo boots. Right: Bonnie Doon tights; boots, Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue. Left: silk dress and jewellery by Surgit and Adarsh Gill for Saz. Dress, Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Jewellery: to order at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Beautiful Bryans tights. David Evins sandals: I. Miller.

Near right: turnout by Elinor Simmons for Malcolm Starr; wool-and-nylon coat, cotton dress. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Hudson's; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin. Alexis Kirk earrings. Choker: Port of Call at Henri Bendel. Tights by Bewitching. Delman sandals. Centre right: coat by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon, of Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal. Made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Malbé shirt. Crushed velvet britches by Scott Barrie for Barrie-Sport. K.J.L. ring. Far right: dress by Carrie Couture; rayon velvet. About $185. Altman's; Rike's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Blum's Vogue. Richard Palan necklace. Grandoe gloves. This page, boots to order: Battani Boutique.

SILVERY SANDALS LACE HALFWAY UP ANN TURKEL'S LEGS; BRIGHT BLUE, RED, AND YELLOW PRINT SPLASHES DOWN PAST HER KNEES—AN ADORABLE LITTLE JERSEY DINNER COAT, ALL NICE AND NARROW OVER A PLUNGE-Y DRESS.

BERT STERN

The evening starts— printed, furred, and flounced





ANJELICA HUSTON'S SNUG BLACK SEALSKIN COAT IS RIMMED, CUFF AND HEM, WITH SILVER FOX— PERFECT LENGTH AND PERFECT LOOK WITH WHITE DINNER SHIRT, BLACK BRITCHES TUCKED INTO SATIN BOOTS.

BRONZE VELVET FLOUNCING OUT OVER SATIN EVENING BOOTS— THAT'S THE WAY KAREN GRAHAM WEARS THIS BELLE ÉPOQUE DRESS LAVISHED WITH BLACK BROCADE AND JET PASSEMENTERIE.



The evening starts–
with glitter and pants

LOULOU KEEPS THE HOME FIRES BLAZING IN A PRINTED PANNE VELVET TUNIC AND PANTS—DEEP NIGHT BLUE CROSSED WITH BANDS, WHIRLED WITH ARABESQUES, JEWELLED WITH AMBER AND GLINTING GOLD.

ANJELICA HUSTON'S JUST PLAYING—THE PART OF A VERY, VERY YOUNG CAVALIER—IN BLACK WOOL JERSEY GALLOONED WITH GLITTERING GOLD BRAID AND JUMPED INTO SNUG SATIN DINNER BOOTS.

Left: pantsuit by George Halley.
To order at Evelyn Byrnes, Nan Duskin.
Bracelets by K.J.L.,
Mimi di N. Rings by K.J.L.
Right: jumpsuit by Jay Kobrin for
Maisonette; knitted in America
(Duplex International wool).
About $165. At Saks Fifth Avenue;
Jacobson's, Michigan;
Sakowitz. Boots, to order
at Battani Boutique.

BERT STERN

BERT STERN

ANN TURKEL WEARS A LITTLE BLACK VELVET BODICE AND A WHOLE SKYFUL OF SHIMMER, LEFT—A BLACK ORGANZA DRESS THREADED WITH SILVER, A KERCHIEF KNOTTED UNDER HER CHIN.

FOR CHARLENE DASH, IT'S GOLD ON EVERY SIDE—ONE DRESS STRIPED IN SHINING GOLD BANDS ON TURQUOISE ORGANZA, FAR LEFT, AND SLASHED TO THE WAIST OVER MATCHING PANTS... ONE DRESS FRETTED IN GOLD LACE AND BRONZE, RIGHT, AND SHIMMERING AS IT BLOWS TO A FLOATY FRINGED HEM.

Near left: Dress by Kasper for Joan Leslie, of rayon organza (Aristocrat embroidery) and rayon velvet (Crompton fabric). Bonwit Teller; Rike's; Hudson's; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin. K. J. L. rings. Monet bracelet. Tights by Schiaparelli. Far left: Turnout by Ida Oesterle for Jayna, of nylon and metallic threads. At Elizabeth Arden; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's Wilshire. Necklaces by Richelieu. Bracelets by K.J.L. Battani sandals. Right: Dress by Bill Blass, of rayon, nylon, and Lurex (Emil Katz fabric). Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Beatrice Jaberg earrings. K.J.L. bracelets. Tights by Bewitching. Roger Vivier sandals, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

The evening starts— shimmered with silver and gold

The evening starts– bright with white

BURT STERN

BIRGITTA SAYN-WITTGENSTEIN'S IN A PERFECT FLURRY, FAR LEFT—FAKE MONGOLIAN LAMB BLIZZARDING DOWN OVER COLLAR, POCKETS, AND HEM ON A BELTED FAKE LAMB COAT.

ANJELICA HUSTON GOES AIRILY OFF IN CROCHET, NEAR LEFT—THE MOST DELECTABLY SOFT LITTLE DRESS WITH OPENWORK RUFFLING EACH WRIST AND RIPPLING THE HEM.

CHARLENE DASH HAS JUST TURNED TO DASH AWAY INTO THE NIGHT, RIGHT—STRIPED UP AND DOWN IN WHITE-AND-BROWN MINK, WRAPPED BY A BIG SPANISH SHAWL.

Fake fur coat by Lilli Ann. About $170. Franklin Simon; Nordstrom Best. Mimi di N earrings. Necklace from Port of Call at Henri Bendel. Van Raalte gloves. Crochet dress by Helga Howie, in rayon. About $175. At Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. Choker by Robert Originals. This page: Chadbourn tights, Delman sandals. Fur coat by Arnold Scaasi for Ritter Brothers, New York, in Saga dark mink and Saga white mink. Casa Moreo shawl.

BERT STERN

The evening starts—pattern shawled by pattern

ANN TURKEL FLINGS A BLACK SPANISH SHAWL OVER PAISLEY, LEFT, WRAPPING SHIRT SLEEVES, FLOUNCED SKIRT, AND PINK, BLACK, WHITE...AT RIGHT, SHE KNOTS THE SAME SHAWL OVER A VIOLET VELVETEEN BODICE AND LOTS OF PAISLEY VIOLET, GREEN, WHITE.

ANJELICA HUSTON'S ALL WRAPPED UP IN THE SHAWL IDEA, TOO, BELOW—A WHITE SILK SHAWL SWEPT ROUND YELLOW-AND-RUST CHIFFON FLOUNCES, A PAISLEY SHAWL WRAPPED OVER THAT.



Left: shirt and skirt by Geno-Ricco, in acetate. Shirt, about $30; skirt, about $35. Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Sakowitz; The Broadway. Cadoro earrings. Necklace from Port of Call at Henri Bendel. Casa Moneo shawl.
Right: dress, Fern Violette by Jay Morley; bodice of cotton velveteen, skirt of acetate. About $80. At The Broadway. Casa Moneo shawl. Beautiful Bryans tights. Delman sandals. Above: dress by Pietro Orsini, in Dacron (Klopman fabric). About $220. At Sara Fredericks; Miller & Rhoads; The Broadway. Paisley shawl by Casa Moneo. White shawl by Macramania. Richard Palan choker.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The young, sluiced out of colleges to work for the candidates they admire, and the old pols who think raw young ardour may do candidates more harm than good. . . . The Women's Lib sensitivity to commercials that treat women like "tender young meat," when men don't seem to mind commercials that treat men like beef on the hoof. . . . *Unbought and Unbossed,* the autobiographical speak-out by Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm, who wrote that there is a "suspicion among many blacks that even birth control clinics are a plot by the white power structure to keep down the numbers of blacks. . . . But I do not know any black or Puerto Rican *women* who feel that way. To label family planning and legal abortion programs 'genocide' is male rhetoric, for male ears."

People are talking about . . . *Jack Nicholson's settling it that he is one of the best film actors in America in* Five Easy Pieces, *an uneasy film fretted with loose ends, false starts, and inconclusions—and altogether fascinating. . . . The French ex-convict Henri Charrière, sixty-four, with waterfront sex appeal and a voice over gravel, whose story of his nine escapes from penal colonies in French Guiana,* Papillon, *is a gulp of a best seller, almost true, and whose strict con's moral code is this: "You respect your friends whatever they do, including their faults and everything that belongs to them. . . . You refuse to make an easy buck by betraying your friend."*

People are talking about . . . Roc Brynner, bringing to New York this month his extraordinary one-man show, *Opium,* adapted by him from the 1928-29 diary of a drug cure by Jean Cocteau who once gave this son of Yul Brynner advice: "One must know how far one can go too far." . . . The first American tour of the French musical revolutionary, Olivier Messiaen, inventor and teacher of serialist composition, who, between master seminars with students, will give, in October and November, twelve joint piano recitals with his wife, Yvonne Loriod, performing mostly Messiaen. . . . In Boston, the head-on glory of one hundred paintings on unprecedented loan from New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, an in-the-paint primer of masterpieces, now at the Museum of Fine Arts.

People are talking about . . . *The Texas country songwriter and singer Kris Kristofferson who looks like a Scandinavian sales pitch, sings almost in a doze, and is a wry non-rube who studied at Oxford University in England. . . . The curious photographic exhibition* "Woman" *running at The New York Cultural Center and in Washington, D.C., at The Smithsonian Institution with over five hundred photographs that lurch from the superb to the godawful and, in impact, have the allure of a scandalous girl's gossip. . . . Alain Resnais's new film* Je t'aime, je t'aime, *a leg-pull on technology and time machines.*

People are talking about . . . The new gold in tennis with the first Pepsi/ILTF Grand Prix of tennis—a twenty-tournament, twenty-winner, $150,000 international scramble—coming to full boil this and next month with hot tempers, hot interest, and the hot intention to shoot this crackling game up with the big-money sports. . . . Claude Chabrol's film *This Man Must Die,* an exact, tour-de-force translation into French terms of Nicholas Blake's drenchingly British thriller, *The Beast Must Die.* . . . The nickname for certain tranquilizers, "women's Lib."

People are talking about . . . *The exhibition "Propositions for Unrealized Projects" with drawings and models of the wishful, technically improbable big-thinks of more than twenty artists and architects, including Buckminster Fuller, Claes Oldenburg, and the late Frederick Kiesler, now at the Howard Wise Gallery in New York. . . .* Behind Appearance, *the outsize book by the distinguished British geneticist C. H. Waddington who, unlike C. P. Snow, doesn't see arts and sciences as separate powers but as cross-fertilizing forces. . . . Loudon Wainwright III, a young gangling man who writes songs about the ordinary and sings them in a voice cracking with anguish and ineptitude, but who rouses power from irony and 100% suspicion: "Every time I sit you down to tell you what is true/For safety's sake, remember please, I would shut up if I knew."*

"EAST 100th STREET," the book of magnificent photographs (among them, the brooding mother and child opposite) by Bruce Davidson of one small slab of New York City's Spanish Harlem and the exhibition of some of those photographs now at The Museum of Modern Art in New York. Starting as a white outlander documenting living conditions for a citizens' committee, Davidson became, over two years, an accepted and involved member of the Puerto Rican neighbourhood. Early on, a woman on 100th Street told him: "What you call a ghetto, I call my home." Impressed by the vitality and pride of the people and by the effective effort of the Metro North Citizens Committee to renew the area, Davidson, a slight, earnest man with an extraordinary camera range—his newest project, an experimental film—planned these photographs to show the persistent tension between pain and dignity. "East 100th Street does not contain the best of life," he said, "but it's alive. I think it's better to be alive sometimes than only to own the best." Now 128 photographs of this life have been superbly reproduced and published by the Harvard University Press. They have no titles, no captions. This cumulative portrait of one face of need does not need them.

BRUCE DAVIDSON




PEOPLE



ARE TALKING ABOUT...

DR. JACQUELINE VERRETT, *opposite,* crusader for consumer protection. A biochemist with the Food and Drug Administration in Washington, she revealed the possible cancer and genetic damage that helped doom cyclamates. Now her findings of deformities in embryo chicks injected with the dioxin contaminant contained in the controversial herbicide 2, 4, 5-T may ban its use in household gardening products. Dr. Verrett's quick-screening technique with embryo chicks that produces tangible, often terrifying results in twenty-one days is unique in the world. Undaunted by Senate hearings, but scared of herbicides, pesticides, additives, and empty calories, Dr. Verrett, when asked what she ate, replied: "Very little."

JOHN GIORNO, *near left,* thirty-three, whose shortwave broadcasts of poets are part of the "Software" exhibition in New York at The Jewish Museum and whose dial-a-poem telephone poetry service, begun last year, was part of the "Information" show at The Museum of Modern Art. Brown-eyed, with monkey-puzzle hair, Giorno puts poems anywhere but on paper—records, matchbooks, radio, telephone, posters, plastic sheets. A stockbroker until six years ago, Giorno operates Giorno Poetry Systems from the Bowery loft Fernand Léger, the French painter, occupied during World War II. There, Giorno watches three television sets at once, writes a gossip column for *Culture Hero,* an underground newspaper, and strings beads into ornaments for friends.

RAY JOHNSON, *centre,* and the exhibition of his New York "Correspondance" School at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. This nutsy collection of worn envelopes, stickers, oddments, and small collages (some shown here with two photographs of Johnson) is the assembled give-and-take between Johnson and 107 correspondents of the "school," teaching nothing, that Johnson has conducted for years. Spare, witty, as much writer as artist, Johnson, who has lived in New York since the 'fifties, turns the city's jetsam into sublimated junk mail.

CARRIE SNODGRESS, *near left,* all eyes and shoulder blades, a gabby young actress from Chicago, long on both curiosity and candour, who flashed up in the film *Diary of a Mad Housewife.* Hollywood-movie stardom smacked her accidentally while she was heading for Broadway by way of television. Not a wife, hooked on work, she strides about—arms and hair flying—raising her breathy, sexy voice (a girlish baritone) for her political pets: "It's not weird, I just have all this energy."

PHOTOGRAPHS: DR. VERRETT, BRUCE DAVIDSON; JOHNSON, THOM LAFFERTY; OTHERS, JACK ROBINSON

THE ASTONISHING HISTORY OF *Moura Budberg*

A FLAME FOR FAMOUS MEN

BY KATHLEEN TYNAN

When the Bolsheviks sent Baroness Budberg to a Moscow jail in 1918, her cell provided no reading matter and no conversation. An adaptable woman, she made friends with a rat. The rat would peer through a crack in the floor, take the crumbs of bread she saved for it, and sing. "I don't say it sang like a soprano," she said, "but it squeaked quite melodiously, and I used to wait for that rat as one would wait for a lover." A Russian who lost family and possessions after the Revolution, she discovered there to be no better school in life than a bit of prison.

Of Moura Budberg at seventy-eight, it is true to say that neither exile nor poverty, the separation from her children, or the death of friends has dulled her spirit for long, nor put out her pleasure in life. She went to a Soviet prison the first time because of her association with Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, then the acting British Consul-General who was jailed after the attempted assassination of Lenin. In love with this attractive woman in her twenties, Lockhart wrote of her in his memoirs, *British Agent:* "Where she loved, there was her world, and her philosophy of life had made her mistress of all the consequences. She was an aristocrat. She could have been a Communist. She could never have been a bourgeoise."

Moura Budberg was twenty-six when she first met Bruce Lockhart, but her gift for making her world where she loved has held good. The two men to whom she gave her greatest attention and care, Maxim Gorki and H. G. Wells, she defends absolutely, extending her loyalty to their supporters, and her disapproval to their enemies. (She once told Bernard Shaw, who had delivered some stinging attacks on Wells, that he behaved like a woman. "He had a sort of pettiness," she explains, "a nagging quality.") This remarkable woman is (Continued on page 208)

THE BARONESS BUDBERG at seventy-eight in her London bedroom, with its monastic bed, its collage of books and papers, memoirs of her fantastic life.

CECIL BEATON



THE LOOK IN

Inés Calleja

HENRY CLARKE

SPAIN ¡FABULOSO!

wonderful new fashion from the couture and couture boutiques, photographed in the mountain-top city of Ronda

Lina Boutique, left, has a flouncy gypsy skirt in wrap-around red wool plaid, with a black jersey shirt and nailhead-studded suède belt. Worn by Inés Calleja, a young happy-go-Spanish beauty, here in Ronda's eighteenth-century bullring. Jordan Marsh, Boston. Belt: Rudana. ***Portogaz*** patchwork, right, on Susy Dyson, a nineteen-year-old glow-girl from Peru—violet-and-white printed wool shirt and skirt held by a satin-tied passementerie belt. In the background: the dazzling white walls and iron-grilled windows of Ronda. Fabric: Bosch. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; Marshall Field; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. All coiffures and hairpieces, these six pages, by Duran, Madrid.

Susy Dyson

SPAIN

¡Fabuloso!—the look of fringy capes swinging over everything, the smash of fur and leather

Inés Calleja

From the ***Pertegaz Boutique,*** two great turnouts wrapped in sweeping fringed capes. Left, giant red-and-navy wool hound's-tooth checks over a navy turtleneck and matching checked skirt with a fringed peplum, shiny gilt chain. Fabric: Bernat Klein. Jordan Marsh, Boston; Marshall Field; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Right, grey-and-beige wool checked cape and a neck-tied grey flannel shirtdress with fringe at the hem, grey suède holding the waist. Jordan Marsh, Boston; Marshall Field; Joske's, San Antonio; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Both photographed at the El Cristo gateway, Ronda. ***Pertegaz*** has the wittiest little raccoon, below left—vertically-worked coat with a hem of swishing tails. Underneath: a brown turtleneck and slick brown fake-leather pants. Here, at the El Meson restaurant on the Puente Nuevo. Turnout at I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Wristband by Rudana.... And everywhere, there's the rich flower scent of Diagonal, the fabuloso perfume of Pertegaz.

Susy Dyson

HENRY CLARKE

SPAIN

¡Fabuloso!—great-looking suits in leather, with whirl-away capes and the tiny bolero-and-skirt look

Elio Berhanyer's black bolero turnout, left, is simply *divino*—skirt tucked and banded at the waist and a black silk organdie shirt ruffled down the front. Outlined here against the bright white stands of the bullring. Cadena wool. At I. Magnin. From the ***Elio Vanguardia Boutique,*** below left, the snappiest brown kidskin suit—narrow shaped jacket shined up with giant gilt buttons and cufflinks; matching pants. Scene at the El Meson restaurant, in Ronda. Leather wristband by Rudina. ***Carmen Mir,*** right, puts a wide whirly cape over an unlined grey wool gabardine suit—and it's terrific! Sharp little riding jacket with silvery buttons; jodphurs tucked into knee-high boots. In the background, one of three ancient gateways to Ronda, the Philip V Arch. Turnout of Oleart fabric. I. Magnin.

Susy Dyson

SPAIN



1

¿Qué fantástico!—
all the great new
Spanish ready-to-wear,
ready here now—
all photographed in the Extremadura,
Spain's rugged, mediaeval conquistador country

1. Shawn Ryan and Maité de Soto Domecq —two pretty girls swinging down the cobblestone streets of Trujillo, Pizarro's birthplace—both in super jacquard-patterned jumpers. Shawn's, left, by Zaleski in beige and brown, buttoned all the way and belted over a brown turtle-neck. Maité, right, in Prenton's fringed jumper—dark-red, black, and beige geometrics zipped over a thigh-high tunic, black jersey top, patterned skirt. Both: Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. Bag and gloves by Loewe. Pedro Garcia boots. ***2. Georgiana Russell,*** the daughter of Sir John Russell, the British Ambassador to Spain, and Lady Russell. Here, in Antonio's nifty little grey-and-blue jacquard knicker-suit with a small waist-length jacket. Plus a rippling grey Seseña cape and the classic Cordobes hat. At Jordan Marsh, Boston. Rocafort belt. Loewe gloves. Fabric, this page, by Boava y Rijol. ***3. Georgiana*** in a shepherd's vest of white baby lamb banded and laced in tan leather with insets of green suède, over a cream-coloured silk shirt, soft green suède pants. Turnout by Mitzou. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. Loewe gloves. Coiffures and hairpieces, these eight pages: Isaac Blanco, Madrid.

HENRY CLARKE



Maité de Soto Domecq, a smashing rider, dressed here for a little friendly horseplay in Orplans' dark-brown-and-beige jacquard suit—small jacket to the waist and culottes held by a silver-buckled belt. Fabric: Boava y Rijol. At Jordan Marsh, Boston. Belt by Martin. Gloves by Loewe. Boots by Pedro Garcia.

MELRY CLARKE

SPAIN

¡Olé!—the famous snèd—
the new turnouts in
Spanish ready-to-wear

SPAIN

Skylarking and classic—the great new Spanish ready-to-wear

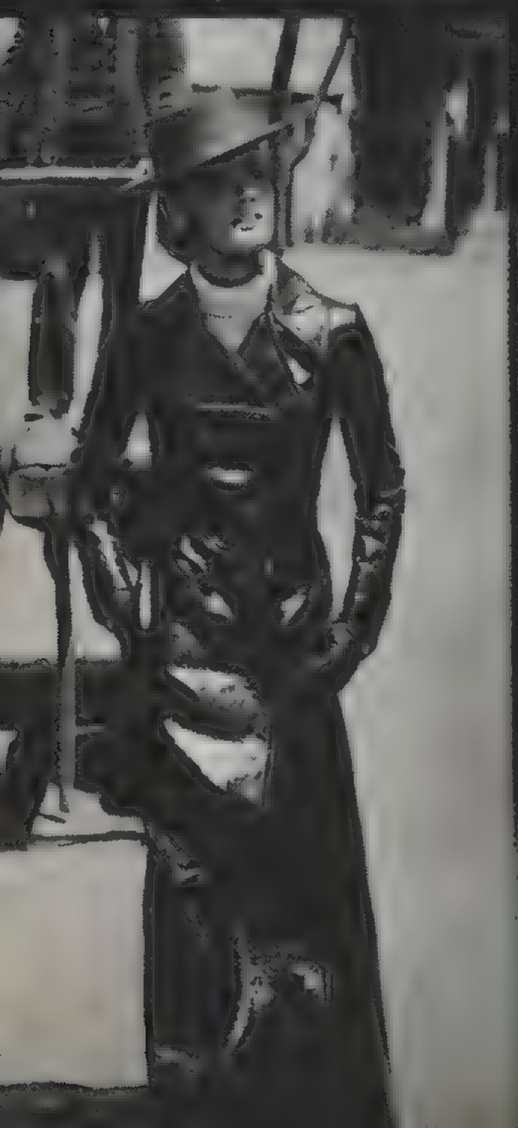
Shawn Ryan, above right, ready to swing all the fringe—swishy little bolero and midiskirt in dark-brown buckskin with a dark-brown pullover. Mitzou. Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. Boots by Pedro Garcia. Belt by Martin. ***The traditional riding gaiters of Córdoba,*** right: natural-coloured leather hand-tooled in white and laced up the side. Worn here over ankle-length riding boots. Both from Moises Sancha. ***Maité,*** below, in the Extremadura countryside, wearing a fringed poncho of dark-Bordeaux leather, with silver buttons at the shoulder. Plus matching pants. The turnout by Loewe, of reverse calf.

1. Georgiana Russell with a horse and buggy waiting to take her away, in Mitzou's dark-brown suède skirt, cross-stitched in burnt orange and butterscotch. Matching fringed and embroidered shawl wrapped over a brown turtleneck with wiry gold chokers by Rocafort. Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. ***2. Shawn Ryan*** swings Orplans' snappy black wool coat through the Arcades of the Plaza Major in Trujillo. With a classic black Cordobés hat from Seseña and laced black boots. Jordan Marsh, Boston. Boots by Andy. ***3. Shawn*** in knickers—grape-and-grey herringbones with a great waist-length jacket. Woolmark turnout designed by Michèle Loyer for Cortefiel. I. Magnin. Leather thongs: Mitzou Boutique. Belt by Martin. Knee socks: Molforts. Moccasins: Ramon Pares. ***4. Maité de Soto Domecq*** out for a stroll in Trujillo's Plaza Major wearing the niftiest little turnout from Kelson—long narrowed black jacket; plaid midi in grey-blue-black-white. Suède hat, Mitzou. Boots by Pedro Garcia. ***5. Shawn's*** turn at the buggy in gypsy-girl suède—narrow dark-green jacket with short puffed sleeves; buttoned midi in tiers of navy, burnt orange, dark green. Two-piece dress and suède boots by Mitzou. Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. Silver bracelets by Rocafort.

HENRY CLARKE


The scarlet hat of Córdoba—
and the great new
Spanish ready-to-wear
SPAIN
HENRY CLARKE

Maité de Soto Domecq, this page, one of the prettiest girls in Madrid. Here, with her long blond hair wrapped in a striped scarf, she wears the traditional hat of Córdoba in brilliant scarlet, tilted and tied under the chin. Below—Jerson's dark-red fake oilcloth suit—tiny bolero-jacket buttoned onto a long jumper, slashed and belted. White turtleneck beneath. Loewe gloves. ***Georgiana Russell,*** opposite, all set to gallop, left, with white-tooled natural leather chaps—authentic hunting *zahones*—over leather pants. Brown turtleneck; Cordobés hat. By Mitzou. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. Loewe gloves. ***Georgiana,*** far left, ready for the rain on the plain—giant hooded raincape in brown broadcloth over a white pullover, fringed brown suède weskit and pants; strapped gaiters. Turnout: Michèle Loyer for Cortefiel. I. Magnin. Bracelets from Mitzou Boutique. Gaiters and boots by Moises Sancha.









IN SPAIN:
THE VITAL,
MODERN
DUCHESS OF

ALBA

GIVES FLOURISH TO FIVE CENTURIES OF TITLES, TREASURES

Duquesa de Alba
Duquesa de Berwick
Duquesa de Montoro
Duquesa de Liria y Jérica
Duquesa de Arjona
Duquesa de Hijar
Condesa-Duquesa de Olivares
Marquesa de San Vicente del Barco
Marquesa del Carpio
Condesa de Lemos
Condesa de Siruela
Condesa de Monterrey
Condesa de Osorno
Condesa de Miranda del Castañar
Condesa de Palma del Rio
Condesa de Aranda
Condesa de Salvatierra
Condestable de Navarra
Marquesa de Coria
Marquesa de Eliche
Marquesa de la Mota
Marquesa de San Leonardo
Marquesa de Sarria
Marquesa de Villanueva del Rio
Marquesa de Tarazona
Marquesa de Villanueva del Fresno
Marquesa de Barcarrota
Marquesa de la Algaba
Marquesa de Osera
Marquesa de Moya
Marquesa de Almenara
Condesa de Lerin
Condesa de Andrade
Condesa de Ayala
Condesa de Fuentes de Valdepero
Condesa de Gelves
Condesa de Villalba
Condesa de San Esteban de Gormàs
Condesa de Fuentidueña
Condesa de Casarrubios del Monte
Condesa de Santa Cruz de la Sierra y de Ribadeo
Vizcondesa de la Calzada

These forty-two titles belong to a woman gifted with grit and fire, a superb horsewoman and dancer of flamenco, a painter, a friend of gypsies and bullfighters, the mother of five sons and one daughter, the eighteenth Duchess of Alba. Far more than pomp, these titles are keys to Spanish and English noblemen who greatly served Spain. Assembled in the person of this vital being, they reflect five densely historied centuries of the line of Alba—one of the few famous titles that can be carried on by women, as now by this vivid, all-for-today Duchess.

Left: The Duchess in the Spanish Room of her eighteenth-century Palacio de Liria in Madrid. Above the Duchess, a painting by Velásquez of the young Infanta Margarita who was immortalized in Velásquez's masterpiece, "Las Meninas." *Above:* The first Duke of Alba, who died in 1488, appears, worshipping, at the right of this fifteenth-century Annunciation painted by the Flemish Master of the "Virgo inter Virgines," in a room celebrating the first Duke.

THE DUCHESS OF ALBA

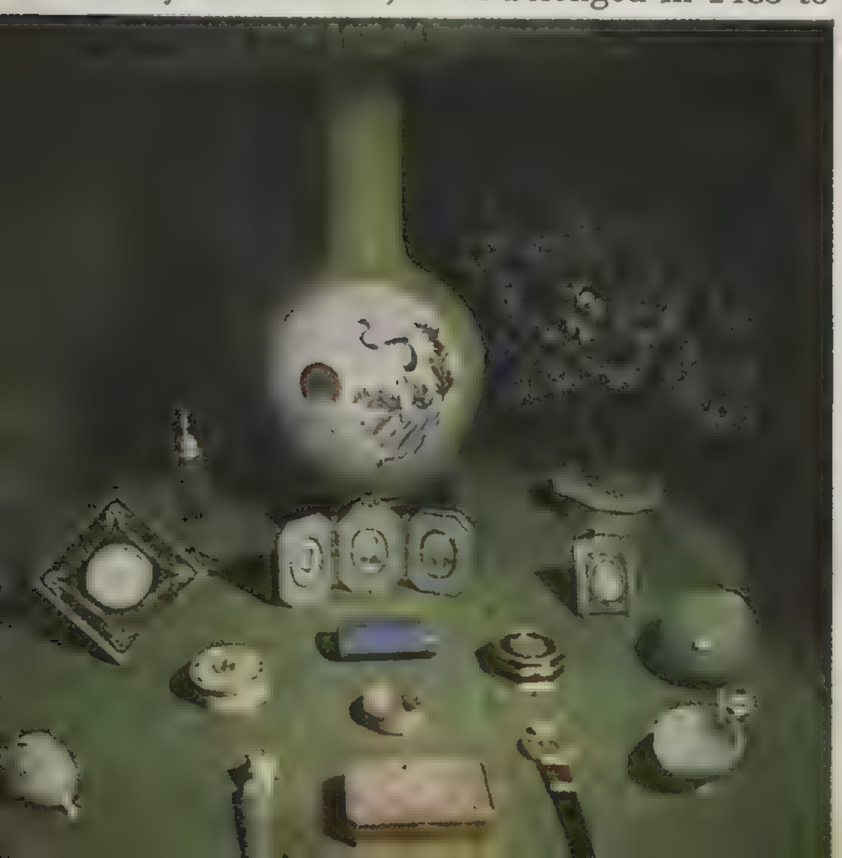
The long, complex, and fascinating history of the houses of Berwick and Alba—almost a capsule history of Spain—is lighted occasionally by the lives of amazing women. Arabella Churchill, sister of the famous first Duke of Marlborough, was, by King James II of England, the mother of the first Duke of Berwick, the brilliant general who put Philip V firmly on the throne of Spain. Berwick's grandson, the third Duke, built the Palacio de Liria, *above*, in 1773, and, by marrying the daughter of the eleventh Duchess of Alba, brought together the lines of Berwick and Alba. The remarkable thirteenth Duchess of Alba was the great friend of Goya, who persistently adored her and painted her but not, as the legend goes, as "Maja Nude." She appears in a portrait by Goya, *right*, now in the Palacio de Liria. Here, in front of Cayetana the thirteenth Duchess, Cayetana the eighteenth Duchess was photographed in the Goya Room, named for this painting and one other superb Goya. Flanking Goya's Duchess, portraits of her grandfather and of her mother, both by Antonio Rafael Mengs.

This page from the top: The back of the Palacio de Liria. Tucked in its greenery, the palace sits like an oasis of eighteenth century among high-rising commercial buildings in Madrid. In a music-room vitrine of old fans, a fan that belonged to the Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoleon III of France, with a miniature of the Empress whose sister married a Duke of Alba. On the grounds of the palace, a cemetery for pet dogs (plus one cat, one parrot), the oldest tomb dated 1829. The Duchess in her studio among her strongly decorative paintings. Under the eaves, this informal red-tiled studio is a conglomerate of photographs and posters, with a piano, an exercise barre, and a platform for flamenco dancing.



THE DUCHESS OF ALBA

The Duchess of Alba is a dazzle of contradictions. Up at eight every morning—an astonishment in Spain—she runs her household like one of her ancestor generals. She is a perfectionist as a hostess and knows exactly how to keep the "traditional way of life." Yet she avoids large and formal parties, wears few of her marvellous jewels and even less makeup. She likes impromptu evenings with flamenco dancers and gypsies in her studio, yet she consistently presides over some of the oldest and most important charities in Spain. (For charity, especially to benefit children, art, and music, she demands and gets stiff prices for the pictures she paints.) She likes life with her children, life out of doors (as a horsewoman, a friend said, "she has the best hands and straightest back in Spain"). On the other hand, with the Duke of Alba, she is overseeing the exacting restoration of the Palacio de Liria, with its overwhelming collection of paintings and tapestries. *Right:* The Duchess in the main hall with one of the extraordinary series of nine tapestries, "Troya La Grande," that belonged in 1485 to the first Duke of Alba. This one: the war of the Greeks and Amazons, and the death of Queen Penthesilea. The ivory tusks, from elephants shot in 1913 by the Duchess's father, who served memorably as Spain's Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. *Above:* This powerful portrait by Rubens of King Felice IV of Spain is one of the paintings, including a Rembrandt, a Jan Breughel, and a Rubens copy of a Titian, hanging in a room given over to the Dutch and Flemish schools of painting. *Left:* Among the pleasures of this vasty palace are sudden clusters of small treasures, some of them arranged in vitrines. Here, a tableful of Fabergé objects.







MORE DASH THAN CASH

On with the slit skirt... the knits, the suèdes... the snappy new coats and put-togethers

See here, and on the next six pages, some of the niftiest new clothes around—giving you more for your money even when the money is a little more—clothes you'll be seeing a lot of on all the nifty girls, for day, for night, for just about everywhere—and right this minute. **$46** buys a real zazzarino, far left—a knit dress with a hot rainbow skirt slit to the thigh, wide red waist, skinny black top...the works. Leslie Juniors, of Dacron and wool. Altman's; B. Forman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Rich's; Joseph Horne; Higbee's; O'Neil's; L.S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros.; Miss Magnin. Myra Harding dog collar. Necklace of blue and yellow beads, by Michael Danyon. Chadbourn tights. Pappagallo boots. **$130** says legs will be seen in this knit with a slit, left—high-necked coatdress that buttons down to the thigh, the black top and grey skirt circled with bright colour. Wool dress by Lil. Bonwit Teller; Miss Magnin. Necklace by Robert Originals, at Lord & Taylor. Crocheted bag by Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Chadbourn tights. Herbert Levine boots. **$35** adds up to an adorable little shrug of a black sweater, right, for $11; sash-wrapped black-and-brown wavy-patterned skirt for $24. By Giorgio di Sant' Angelo for Grapevine. Of Wintuk Orlon. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; Miss Magnin. Dog collar by Myra Harding. Michael Danyon necklace. Purple lambskin gloves by Kislav. Boots by Pappagallo. Coiffures here and the next six pages, by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.





MORE dASH THAN CASH

$94 ties up the lacing, far left—brown suède skirt with two slits laced and grommeted down the front—$46; a little matching vest—for $28—tied across the front of a brown-and-beige print shirt, $20. By Alamor. Acetate shirt. Everything at Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; B. Forman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Higbee's; Sakowitz; Miss Magnin. Guia's belt. Valentino tights at Boutique Valentino. Roman sandals: El Greco.

$131 and the suède's the thing, left—sleeveless camel-coloured coat like a long, long vest, for $65, just a tad shorter than its matching wrap-front skirt for $46, both fastened up in metal. Same printed shirt as before, same $20. By Alamor. At Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Higbee's; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz; Miss Magnin. Michael Danyon dog collar. Latinas bag. Aris gloves. Tights: Bewitching. El Greco sandals.

$58 buttons up a great blue denim soldier-coat, right—épaulettes, sharp little lapels, battle-dress pockets...and the pants go in the boots. Cotton coat by Norbert Nel for Fox Run. Junior sizes. At Lord & Taylor; B. Forman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sanger-Harris; Joseph Magnin. Korrigan sweater. Bag by Etienne Aigner. Aris gloves. Boots by Battani.

PENATI



$110 in exchange for a little romancy gold, left, drifting with purple, green, and yellow leaves—a dress that's all shine and flounce and flying skirt to wrap in a wide gold mesh corselet belt. Add sandals laced to the knee with gold cords and dance right out in the night. By Carlye, of nylon and metallic thread. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rich's; Higbee's; L. S. Ayres; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Frost Bros. Hoop earrings by Cadoro. Elasticized belt by Michael Danyon. Round-the-Clock tights. Sandals by David Evins, at I. Miller.

$60 slips you into this heavenly white dress, right—a long light knitty one, soft and clingy as a baby's jacket, with an openwork diamond design down the sleeves, and there's that great slit again with all the coquetry you could want for a leg. By Sandy Starkman for Knits by Don; of angora, lamb's wool, and nylon. At Bloomingdale's; B. Forman; Hutzler's; Rich's; Higbee's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Necklace of shells, beads, and fur by Cliff Nicholson, at Henri Bendel. Glittery tights by Round-the-Clock.

$90 picks the plum, below right—plum-coloured jersey dress, long sleeves, swinging skirt; simple as can be down to the pretty ruffled hem and just asking to be worn with a cocky tasselled cap and soft suède boots. By Jon Haggins for Bymini, of Enkalure nylon (Barbet-Stretchnit fabric). At Bloomingdale's; Miss Magnin. Adolfo cap. Short red gloves by Grandoe. Golo boots.

MORE TASH THAN CASH



PENATI



$112 buys your Liberty, left—a shirty tunic and knickers of Burgundy, blue, and green Liberty-print wool challis, to wear with a laced suède belt, suède boots laced up to the knickers. By Maxime de la Falaise for Blousecraft. Fabric by Bernard Nevill of Liberty of London. At Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Miss Magnin. Dog collar by Valerie Accessories. Capri necklace. Bison-and-suède saddlebag: Ruza Creations. Belt by Elegant. Odyssey scarf. Herbert Levine boots.

$42—and the short skirt lives, centre, a little bit of black-and-silver ribbing knitted way up above the knee and a great excuse to show lots of lacy stocking and a nifty pair of ankle-strapping shoes. By L'Aiglon, of Orlon and metallic (Ross-Zeldin fabric). Best & Co.; Jordan Marsh, Boston; B. Forman; Higbee's; O'Neil's. Silver-linked shoulderbag: Creations by Solar. Belt by Elegant. Sandals by Latinas.

$110 takes it down, right, as two really ribby knits—a grey wool skirt and peplum'd sweater. And you know that the bag, the belt, and the boots are all it takes to get it together. By Lil. Bonwit Teller; Miss Magnin. Animal Crackers bag. Belt by David D. Bracelets by Odyssey. Boots: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

PENATI

MORE TASH THAN CASH

PRETTY-GIRL FURS

Loulou de la Falaise

EVERY PRETTY GIRL OUGHT TO BE UP TO HER EARS AND DOWN TO HER BOOTS IN FUR THIS WINTER. THIS PRETTY GIRL IS LOULOU DE LA FALAISE, AND SHE'S THE TOASTIEST IN TOWN IN BROWN SEAL.... LOULOU'S ALL SET; THIS PAGE, IN A NOTCH-COLLARED, CHAIN-LATCHED COAT OF SEALSKIN, SHINY LEATHER BOOTS, AND A SCARF TO SHOW WHICH DIRECTION THE WIND'S BLOWING.

HAPPINESS IS A BIG SABLE BRIOCHE OF A BONNET, OPPOSITE, AND A ROMANTIC BROWN SEAL COAT WITH A GOLDEN SABLE COLLAR AND CUFFS.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

Opposite: Coat by Bill Blass Furs,
of Fouke-processed Matara Alaska fur
seal. To order at Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue;
L. S. Ayres; Neusteters. Odyssey scarf. Gloves: Bonnie
Cashin for Crescendoe-Superb. . . . This page: Coat
by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon, of Fouke-processed Matara Alaska
fur seal with collar and cuffs of natural golden Russian sable.
To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Adolfo hat, of Russian sable, at Revillon at
Saks Fifth Avenue. Tights by Emilio Pucci for The McCallum Boutique.
Boots: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures: Jean-Louis of Cinandre.

PRETTY-GIRL FURS



Loulou de la Falaise

LOULOU'S BACK, THIS PAGE, IN A LULU OF A PONCHO DRESS—BELTED BLACK LAMB FRINGED OVER SPAT-BOOTS.

SNOW-QUEEN COAT, NEAR RIGHT: SNOWY WHITE MINK WITH A BIG WHITE LEATHER OVAL SET INTO EACH SIDE. EVERYTHING ELSE WHITE, TOO —BABUSHKA, BELT, MITTENS, BOOTS.

LOULOU IN LEATHER, FAR RIGHT: MARVELLOUS AFRICAN ANTELOPE COAT THAT'S TABBED SHUT OVER RED FOX PAW LINING; PLUS WHITE RABBIT COLLAR, A LIMBER-BRIMMED SUÈDE HAT, SUÈDE SQUIGGLY BOOTS.

This page: Dress by Chester Weinberg, of black-dyed Swakara karakul lamb from South West Africa. To order at Revillon, Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat by Malyard of London: Saks Fifth Avenue. Aris gloves. Belt by Elegant. Boots by David Evins. . . . Near right: Bill Blass Furs; "Jasmine," Emba white mink. At Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Neusteters. Scarf by Doro. Calderon belt. Mittens by Grandoe. Bag by Odyssey. Boots by Tony the Shoemaker.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

Genevieve Gilles

ALEX.S WALDECK

Right: Antelope coat with Argentine red fox paw, Argentine rabbit; from Christian Dior boutique Furs. Also at Nan Duskin; Jacobson's, Michigan; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Hat by Malyard of London; Saks Fifth Avenue. Odyssey scarf. Bug by Animal Crackers. Arm gloves. Tights: Emilio Pucci for The McCallum Boutique. Boots: Piero Nuti for I. Miller. Coiffure: Jean-Louis for Chandre.

PRETTY-GIRL FURS

IT'S A GREAT DAY IN THE COUNTRY WHEN A PRETTY PARISIAN LIKE GENEVIEVE GILLES STEPS OUT IN GREAT SHAGGY FUR GREATCOATS. GENEVIEVE'S HIGHLY VISIBLE, TOO, IN HER LATEST FLICK, *HELLO, GOODBYE*....

FRIENDLY FUR AND FURRY FRIEND; OPPOSITE: A TIGHTLY BELTED COAT OF TAWNY SOUTH AMERICAN FOX WITH A BLACK MONKEY FUR NOTCHED COLLAR.

PATCHWORK MINK, NEAR LEFT: BEIGE-BROWN-BLACK-AND-WHITE WITH ZORINO SLEEVES AND COLLAR, WIDE BROWN SUEDE BELT.

GENEVIEVE ON THE QUI VIVE, RIGHT, IN A GREATCOAT OF UNPLUCKED BROWN NUTRIA WITH SHAGGY BLOND BADGER COLLAR AND SLEEVES.

Opposite page: Belted coat by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon, of South American fox and black Ghana monkey fur. To order: Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . This page, left: Coat of Emba natural mink with South American zorino, by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Grandoe gloves. . . . This page, right: Coat by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon; brown-dyed unplucked nutria and blond badger. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Boots, this page, by Battani. Coiffures by Jean-Louis of Cinandre.

The caviarjampâtéshrimpcrêpeprosciuttoand

melonpetitsfourssmokedsalmonfruitcake forks and knives

The little big ones in silver: salad forks and butter knives—ridiculously limiting names for such get-arounds. They work the tea table, bar, nightstand, garden, poolside something-to-eat scene. They have almost taken over from the specialized pieces: dessert and fish forks, cheese knives. Why not? Here, some of the best; bringing out their points, magnifying glasses for five Sherlock Holmeses.



Opposite page: An antique English silver-mounted magnifying glass, c. 1810, with shagreen handle, top left, $130 at Bergdorf Goodman's Mallett Shop. Under it, shown horizontally, a Towle Craftsman knife, $9; and an Elizabeth Trifid fork, $21 at William Wyler, New York. Shown vertically, a Rat Tail fork, $18.25, Tiffany; a Trifid fork, $22.75, and a Trifid cannon-handled knife, $22.50, both James Robinson, New York. The silver letter opener/magnifying glass, far left, $35, Cartier; Hermes' eye-shaped glass, $40, Bonwit Teller; Towle Craftsman fork, $12. Silver-mounted glass, near left, Bernadotte, $145, Georg Jensen. Seen through it, a Pointed Antique fork, $12, by Reed & Barton. Magnifying glass with silver bamboo handle, $15.25, Tiffany. *On this page, left to right:* Fork in 1810 pattern, $13.50, International. Rat Tail knife, $16, Tiffany. Vivant knife, $10.25, Oneida. 1810 knife, $9.50, International. Reed & Barton Pointed Antique knife, $9. Fairfax knife by Gorham, $9.25. Lunt's William & Mary knife, $9. Brass-framed magnifying glass by Hoffritz, $18.50. All knives and forks shown are sterling silver.

CLAUDE PICASSO

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

The blue-jean look ***—it's an international uniform. . . .*** Not that everybody everywhere wears *only* the good old classic American denim pants—it's just the *idea* of the sturdy work type, practical cut and fabric. . . . **1. *London: Nina Axelrod and Alex Henderson*** wear the current London uniform—the farmer's overall. These in tie-dye denim, $18, worn with tie-dye T-shirts, $5. From Crumble, 75 King's Road, S.W. 3. . . .



2. *Paris:* Parisian version of the American tie-dye blue jean—bell bottomed, laced front. Every pretty girl and every good-looking boy in Paris is wearing these. $15, Western House, 13 Avenue de la Grande Armée. . . .

3. *New York: Oscar de la Renta* in his favourite new suit, beautifully tailored of classic blue-jean material. Designed, made in Paris by Yves Saint Laurent for his Men's Rive Gauche, rue de Tournon. . . .

4. *Paris:* Great boot. Made of blue denim, good sturdy toe, heel . . . $30. From *the* Parisian boutique for things American—Western House, 13 Avenue de la Grande Armée. . . .


2


3

5. *Hiram Keller wears his classic American blue-jean jacket and pants wherever he is—Mykonos, Rome, or New York....*


5


6

6. *Mary Russell* wears her tie-dye blue jeans all over Europe, too, wherever she is, reporting and using her camera.

7. *New York: Berry Berenson* in the classic blue-jean look that all the good-looking girls wear as one of their city-life ways of dressing—Berry's pants and shirt are—of course—from The Different Drummer, 792 Lexington Ave.

More on next page


4


7

PHOTOGRAPHS: 1. ANNETTE GREEN; 2, 4, 5. MARY RUSSELL; 3. JACK MANNING FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES; 7. LINDA FRANKEL

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Chér on the talent trail

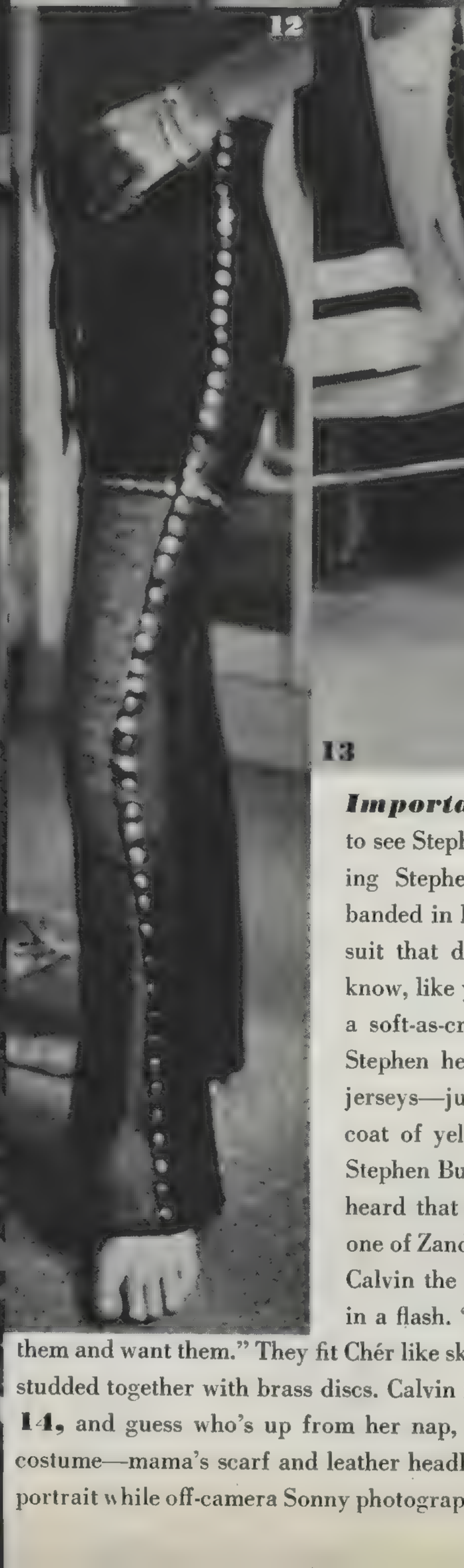
Whenever Sonny and Chér hit New York, Chér is out there fast—looking for new good boutiques, the talented artisan or designer tucked somewhere . . . what a great fashion reporter she'd be. . . .

1. Sonny designed one of the dresses Chér wears for their nightclub act. "To me she looks like a Greek goddess, so I had it made all clingy and drapey." . . . **2, 7.** Chér's first stop, the atelier of Cliff Nicholson, craftsman of extraordinary things of leather and feathers . . . the headdress was done for a fashion ad, but the rings (7), miniature, imaginary birds' heads set in rough metal, are at Henri Bendel. . . . **6.** En route, Chér shows us her new eye colourings—a blend of saffron, orange, terra-cotta. . . . **8.** Chér went to order nail-headed leather pants, found this nut-brown suède shawl at Hernando's, 13 Christopher Street. . . .

CHARLES TRACY


9


11


12


13

10

Important stop on Chér's talent tour— to see Stephen Burrows at Henri Bendel. **3, 4, 5.** Trying Stephen's suit of spongy, heathery-violet tweed banded in leather—"This is the first time I've put on a suit that didn't make me feel like an old lady—you know, like you've gotten to thirty. . . ." **9.** A whip-into-a soft-as-cream crêpe de Chine dress. . . . **11, 13.** Stephen helps Chér into two of his rainbow-coloured jerseys—jumpsuit of greens, yellows, black; zip-front coat of yellow, green, red, orange against black. . . . Stephen Burrows World, Henri Bendel. . . . **10.** Chér's heard that Zandra Rhodes is in town, drops in to try one of Zandra's glorious float-away chiffons. . . . **12.** At Calvin the leatherman's studio, Chér's into these pants in a flash. "I have to wear them first or Sonny will see them and want them." They fit Chér like skin—shiny black glove leather and red lizard, studded together with brass discs. Calvin is at 935 Second Ave. . . . Back to the hotel, **14,** and guess who's up from her nap, let's herself be dressed up in her "hippie" costume—mama's scarf and leather headband—happy to pose for a mother-daughter portrait while off-camera Sonny photographs all.

More on next page

14

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



Hearts . . .

Can it be it's goodbye butterfly, hello heart? Hearts are suddenly soaring higher than butterflies as *the* decorative symbol of the day in London, Paris. . . . And isn't it nice to see a little show of love?—it's never hurt anything, not even a butterfly. . . . **1.** Worn by delicious beauty ***Beatrice Martin,*** a heart of leather on a leather thong. $10. Fabrice, 54 rue Bonaparte, Paris. . . . **2.** Teeny, tiny heart (bigger than life here) of coral, lapis, or cat's eye chips. $16. Narrowest silver band, $30. Pulcinella, 10 bis, rue Vignon, Paris. . . . **3.** ***Geishi*** found her T-shirt appliquéd with leather hearts at Mr. Freedom, 430 King's Road, London. . . . **4.** Beatrice is all the way into hearts—also owns this one on a silver band. Both, $25. Pulcinella. . . . **5.** Another from Beatrice—on a velvet ribbon, a heart of mysterious changing-colour lucite. $8. From Fabrice. . . .

MARY RUSSELL





London: No squares there—

not even when they're putting together or attending a fair to benefit a very solid charity. . . . Here, some snaps of a delightful afternoon affair in Chester Square given for the very worthy Invalid Children's Aid Association . . . and called the "Unsquare Fair," which was just what it was. **6.** Poster for the fair designed by David Bailey, featuring the beautiful face of *Jean Shrimpton.* **7.** *Jane Birkin* opening the fair with a burst of balloons. **8.** *David Bailey* who was there with *Patrick Lichfield* to snap anyone who wanted to be recorded. **9.** *Lord and Lady Harlech.* . . . **10.** *Miss Patricia Rawlings.* . . . **11.** *Penelope Tree* and *Andrew Crawley.* . . . **12.** *Mrs. Mark Littman* and *William McCartney.* . . .



ANNETTE GREEN

Which is the real you?

The woman who chooses Gorham's King Edward likes its regal quality. On the other hand, a woman who prefers Gossamer feels more at home with a design that is all pure line, enhanced by elegant hand texturing. Buttercup's appeal is in its wealth of delicate detail and informal charm.

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There's a perfect balance between ornamentation, shape and function. Between the timely and the timeless.

To really understand what we mean by total design, visit your nearest silverware store. See, feel, touch, hold, balance Gorham Sterling. Or write for the informative booklet prepared for you by Gorham, the world's leading maker of solid sterling since 1831. Just mail 10¢ for handling to The Gorham Company, P.O. Box 2823-X, Providence, Rhode Island, 02907.

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Do you own a Gorham Sterling Original?

Gorham Sterling designs from left to right: La Scala, Gossamer, Buttercup, Rondo, King Edward

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SECRET WEAPONS OF THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

(Continued from page 135)

We won't attempt to catalogue here all the hot hairdressers around. Nor can we cover all the services offered by the top New York salons, where the Paragon Beauty can get everything done by an expert, hair to toenails. (Elizabeth Arden, 691 Fifth Ave.; Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St.; Charles of the Ritz, 461 Park Ave.; House of Revlon, 698 Fifth Ave.; Kenneth, 19 E. 54th St.) What follows is a very small, very special collection of the specialists.

To get a face really clean there's Georgette Klinger (501 Madison Ave.), heroine of both teen-agers and their mothers, and her fragrant herbal steam treatment. Miss Klinger has a second salon now in Beverly Hills. . . . Mario Badescu (320 E. 52nd St.), natural food man, stirs up his delicious brews to cope with a skin's pH, might throw in cantaloupe, bananas, cucumbers. . . . Cyclax devotees are cleaning up with a bright new version of the famous facials first enjoyed by the ladies of Queen Victoria's court (692 Madison Ave.). . . . At Jacy de Paris in the Waldorf Astoria, Miss Carmen does a marvellous cleansing facial with Swiss creams and ozone steam. . . . The well-fruited skin treatments dispensed by Jane Sebeyran (63 E. 57th St.) are part of the René Guinot system, that until this year people had to go to Paris for. . . . On W. 57th St. Mme. Rozsi Pogany leads skins to a new freshness with great authority of touch and lotions designed with the help of the celebrated Dr. Niehans. . . .

To correct a face: Most of the cleaning whizzes have in their kits corrective devices, too. Vera Falvy (27 E. 62nd St.) erases faint lines with an electrically-driven needle, "peels" a face not with chemicals but with a buffing instrument. . . . Christine Valmy (157 W. 57th St.) has thrown herself wholeheartedly into facial rejuvenation, has a battery of equipment and ideas to help. Janet Sartin (667 Madison Ave.) stimulates the muscles of face and neck, thereby improving the tone of the skin as well as the cushion on which it lies. Her dexterity is known to have stopped in its tracks many faces that might have been en route to surgical face-lifting. . . . Jessica Krane (145 W. 55th St.) pursues the same objective by teaching Face-O-Metrics, a facial control system that erases furrows in foreheads and picks up slack jowls. *How to use your hands to save your face* is her book on the subject. . . .

To restyle a face: Evelyn Marshall (14 E. 38th St.) whose wizardry can make you something else. . . . Make-up Center, Ltd. (150 W. 55th St.), favourite supply house of models ($7.50 for a restyling). . . . Way Bandy, Creative Makeup Director of Charles of the Ritz salon, once a portrait painter, now gives private makeup lessons and supervises skin care treatment programs. . . . Stan Place (59 W. 71st St.) also has an art background (master's degree in art). Although he's on the Most Wanted list for television and other photography, he still manages to go to the homes of special clients for special events. . . . Ditto John Richardson (119 E. 64th St.). . . .

The hairkeepers: There are experts who devote themselves exclusively to the glorifying of hair's health and textural beauty. Don Lee (130 W. 57th St.) has been persuading reluctant hair to grow right for over 25 years with vigorous massage, ultraviolet light, and his own formula lotions. . . . Georgette Briand (38 E. 73rd St.) practices ethéirologie a deliciously aromatic French way with hair and scalp that involves flower pollen, vegetable oils, fruit.

For the hair you'd rather not keep. Noted for their compassionate electrological touch: Lucille Bouchard (580 Park Ave.); Dorothy Furman (133 E. 58th St.); Malvina Magazine (185 Madison Ave.).

The bodyworks. Some of the neatest figures in town (and some of the most famous figures in the world) can be seen cavorting at the exercise studios of Nicholas Kounovsky (25 W. 56th St.); Alex & Walter (50 W. 57th St.); Olga Ley (25 W. 15th St.) the Contrology gym at Henri Bendel. . . . At Gala Fitness (135 E. 55th St.) there are men's, women's, and pregnant women's classes. . . . Jennifer Yoels (105 W. 55th St.) is the only one in New York teaching the Mensendieck System in which you unlearn destructive movements, are conditioned and trained to stand, sit, walk, bend, reach functionally. . . . Anni Fabry (400 E. 85th St.) has studied all the methods from Mensendieck to yoga and adapted them to what she considers the best system for the contemporary life style. . . . If you want straight yoga: the Yogi Gupta Association (150 E. 50th St.) has classes morning, noon, and night. $2 to $2.50 each.

The massagers: There are those you go to—Martha at Kenneth's and Vera at Charles of the Ritz, both with saunas. George King, (59 E. 80th St.), whose special method is well-loved by dancers. Alfred Kagan (75 East End Ave.), medical masseur and body-building expert, noted for dispatching cellulite as well as aches and pains. Betty Dean (24 W. 57th St.), who has 10 masseuses and a huge redwood sauna. Manya Kahn, in whose charming studios at 12 E. 68th St. bodies are moulded by a combination of massage and corrective exercise. . . . Yolanda Brown (520 E. 77th St.) does only foot massage with a deep-compression method but, according to her admirers, that takes care of every inch of one.

NAILS

(Continued from page 129)

nail bed. This condition can also occur from various diseases—psoriasis for one—or fungal infections, or reactions to certain drugs. Brittle nails can be helped by soaking them in warm olive oil (which gives them a nice gloss), or a massage with hydrogen peroxide.

Nails too soft. They should be pliable, but the area over the nail bed shouldn't give under pressure. If it does, you're into too much soap, water, or cleansing agents. Other possible causes of too-soft nails are nutritional deficiencies or (in rare cases) an endocrine imbalance.

About nail accidents —the sudden pinch, perhaps, of car door or desk drawer. Hemorrhage will result, the area under the nail will bleed, a black spot of coagulated blood will appear. Quick application of cold compresses and the elevation of the hand give some relief from the pain of these terrible moments, and help to prevent unnecessary accumulation of blood. This black spot must grow out with the nail. More serious injury may cause loosening of the nail, and the eventual shedding of it. A doctor may be required to drain the blood clot through the nail plate. Temporary disguises for damaged nails could be Patti Nails, or Fabulous Fakes, nail builder-uppers that can be polished over, or false nails glued over the real unfortunates. Miss Sergent at Saks Fifth Avenue has a nail bank—pieces of real nails to use for patching.

Cuticles —a common problem in manicuring. The cuticle is actually useful since it protects the fold of the nail base from infection, and it shouldn't be tampered with too much. Cutting of cuticle is generally bad—could be cut too deeply and invite infection; it can also stimulate rapid regrowth. Only reason for cutting —if there really is a ragged bit that might tear farther if not trimmed and smoothed down. There is sometimes a "second

cuticle"—soft tissue under the visible cuticle. This is called a nail vest, and can be trimmed away. Acid condition in the body, caused by illness and antibiotics, can dry and harden the cuticle.

Splits and breaks can come from improper filing. The flexible emery board is safer and easier to use than a metal file. It's wrong to saw back and forth across the nail; most experts say to file each nail in one direction—toward the centre. Filing nails to a point is asking for breakage. If a nail split extends like a crack down into the nail plate, it often means damage to the nail matrix. May be temporary or permanent. The best you can do is protect the tip with a nail patch. And ask your manicurist—if she hasn't already thought of it—to apply nail sealer or strengthener to the under-side of the nail's free edge, as well as on top. Then, twice as strong, no? Oceanic help for nail strength—weak nails are often helped by iodine. This can be swallowed in the form of seafood, or seaweed in capsules, or it can be painted on—some nail preparations contain iodine, so watch for this on labels. Other helps you can eat: Knox Gelatin, which seems to benefit some nails. Calcium foods, since nails use more calcium than skin or hair. High doses of Vitamin A that improve some nail problems.

Beautiful Nails—grown, of course, by Beautiful People—are now getting the extra benefits gained from visits to nail specialists: thinking manicurists who are nail-health conscious. They give treatments that strengthen and improve the nails, and are experts at mending—working with the deftness and delicacy of surgeons to make repairs on broken or chipped nails, using small shreds of linen, paper, or cotton twisted to a fine filament. (For more about the secret weapons of the Beautiful People, see page 134.) These manicurists give treatments that strengthen and improve the nails, as well as the usual nail-prettying. One of these manicurists is Teresa Montoto, at the House of Revlon, who told us that brittle nails were the most common problem she finds. Second most common problem, nail biting. (Among adults? Yes, adults. A revelation, perhaps, about the state of our nerves these days.) Her nail treatment starts with polish remover, toward-the-centre filing, then buffing—Miss Montoto is a buff buff, and believes this step to be important. She does her buffing all in one direction, out from the cuticle toward the free edge of the nail, with a rapid wrist movement and no real pressure against the nail. Next, warm protein cream for the whole hand, and nail-building cuticle massage cream rubbed over the entire nail with extra effort at the base. All cream and oil is removed thoroughly with a damp brush so that polish will adhere better. Her polish plan: one base coat, two coats of polish, one top coat.

One thinking manicurist is Nena Rico whose establishment, called Nena for Nails, has enthusiastic followers. One of them gives this report: "After three manicures, actually treatments, at Nena's, my fingernails are amazing. When I first went there four weeks ago, my nails were short, split, peeling, hideous. Her method of manicuring—putting very small pieces of linen or paper to cover the tip of each nail—strengthens the tip, really seems to eliminate the cracking and splitting of nail tips. I massaged with cuticle cream every night around the cuticle area and over the whole nail. Also, putting a coat of superseal on each tip once or twice a day was of great importance. I followed all the rules: dialing the phone with a pencil-eraser, wearing gloves for housework, soap under the nails before gardening."

Good nails are the reward of diligence and discipline. Many women are also benefiting from protein-ized nail conditioners, or nail hardeners with cross-linked micro-fibres for strengthening and repair. But the main thing is to make good care an absolute routine. No carelessness, no skipping a day, no bogging down. Give those nails a hand—and keep on giving.

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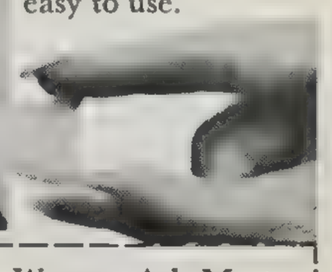
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PENATI



MOURA BUDBERG

(Continued from page 162)

transparently more interested in people than ideas. She has constructed her life on friendship, conversation, and books. She hates to provoke or distress, since her pleasure is to encourage and enjoy. She has the gift that children have of total concentration on play and the moment. And this quality together with her intuitive intelligence and her warmth—she greets her friends with a powerful bear hug—makes her an endlessly pleasing companion. When I asked her in London how she had responded to the Revolution, she replied that quite simply it introduced a perfectly different way of life, "as though there had been no past, and life had begun on that very day."

That is how Moura Budberg responds to the present: She will talk about the new film she is advising on, how much she enjoyed working with Vanessa Redgrave on the film *The Sea Gull*, the lecture on translation she gave in New York last May. With the distant past she is not very much concerned.

Last year, suffering from arthritis of the hip, she was operated on, but continued to feel great pain, while unable to walk. A second operation was urgently required, but the waiting list was long. It was then that her doctor went to the surgeons to plead that this woman was as much worth saving as a young person. "After all," he argued, "she is just reaching the zenith of her career." The doctors were persuaded, and the operation was successful.

A Russian friend of mine explains that Moura Budberg's active mind is the result of a childhood diet of kasha, thought to be excellent for the brain cells. Peter Ustinov, who has known her since he was a child, said that, like all Russian émigrés, she is just enormously resilient. "She goes through life determined not to be taken in. She may be surprised, but never *taken* by surprise."

She once must have been very striking, with high cheekbones and a wide face that prompted comparisons with Marlene Dietrich. Her eyes are set wide apart, her brows arched. Her smile is extraordinarily gay, and if you tell her something amusing, she will screw up her eyes and pucker her mouth with pleasure. She has fine ankles and hands, and a large body always dressed very simply. Her voice, rich and masculine, is so sympathetic towards those she likes that her understanding seems to amount to an intellectual endorsement. She expects people to be equal to the occasion and doesn't acquire friends who are not. She thought King George VI was equal to the occasion and went to his funeral for that reason alone.

In London she lives in a large Victorian apartment, its drawing room rather dim, a crowded reliquary of the past. A mountain of books, folios, and pamphlets weighs down a round table, among them a biography of Vivien Leigh with quotes from Moura of uncritical approval. On one wall is a tapestry of Czar Nicholas II and his family, a gift from H. G. Wells. A drawing of Lady Diana Cooper as a child stands on the mantelpiece next to a small painting of Gorki, a hard-edged man with a large moustache. Like the drawing room, her bedroom is all purpose, perilously crowded with books; old photographs; boxes, the contents of which she prefers to forget; jars of boiled sweets; and what can only be described as loot from a shooting gallery.

She was born Marie Zakrevskaia to a well-to-do upper-class Russian senator, who owned estates in the Ukraine. A man of liberal sympathies and much travelled, he was eventually forced to resign from the senate because of his support for Émile Zola during the Dreyfus Affair. Moura's life and that of her two sisters and brother were divided between St. Petersburg and the Ukraine, surrounded by tutors and inspired by her father whose every written word she had by heart. On his instructions, she had a grounding in English, Italian, German, and French. By the time she was fifteen, she had read all of Gibbon, and at eighteen she married.

After her presentation to the Czar, Moura had fallen in love with and married a young diplomat attached to the Russian Embassy in Berlin, a landowner and a member of the Baltic Von Benckendorff family who owned large estates in Estonia. Together they set out for Berlin, where they enjoyed three gay, if conventionally social, years. At one court reception, Moura wore a silver Russian headdress and a dress of plum velvet with a three-yard train embroidered in gold. On her appearance, the Kaiser commented loudly, "Who is that Queen of Sheba!"

At the outbreak of World War I in 1914, Moura returned to St. Petersburg with her one-year-old son; and although she joined the Red Cross, while her husband enlisted in the army, in other respects life was very much as it had always been. The Von Benckendorffs took up residence in their large rococo house. There were dinners and dances where the last cotillion would begin at two o'clock in the morning. In the winter, they drove about in sleighs with protective scarfs wound around their faces against the cold; they skated on the frozen Neva River; watched Pavlova and Karsavina dance; heard Chaliapin sing. No wind of change reached this aristocratic world, though they saw that the throne was shaky and loathed the influence of Rasputin on the Imperial family.

When the October Revolution of 1917 established the new order, the rich lived by selling their possessions. Moura recalled that the first thing she ever sold was her court train. "Why the peasants should have wanted it, I can't understand, because it was that huge piece of plum velvet embroidered with gold, but they came to the door and took it for two sacks of flour."

Stripped of possessions, she had to work in order to eat. Moura went to the Russian writer Korney Chukovsky, whom she had met at the British military mission, and through him she got a job translating at the publishing house World Literature, which Gorki had founded. It was at this time that her friendship developed with Bruce Lockhart, head of a special mission to establish unofficial relations with the Bolsheviks. He had previously been the British Consul-General in Moscow. "She was then twenty-six," he wrote. "A Russian of the Russians, she had a lofty disregard for all the pettiness of life and a courage which was proof against all cowardice. . . ." "In my life," he declared, "something had entered which was stronger than any other tie."

In August 1918, a young Social-Revolutionary called Dora Kaplan tried to shoot Lenin, and Lockhart was jailed on the pretext of being involved in the attempted assassination.

Some time before, Moura had joined him in Moscow. She had gone to Estonia to visit her children and then returned to St. Petersburg on foot, an uncomfortable and dangerous journey that took her six days. When Lockhart was arrested, she too was sent to prison, interrogated, and put into a crowded cell. Here she shared, with fifty-two other women political prisoners, potato soup and the floor for a bed.

When Moura was moved the following month to a solitary cell, her only companion was the musical rat. "If there is anything extraordinary about me," she said, "it is the fact that I took prison as I did. I learned what people were like, and I learned what life was about, which before had simply been unreality."

Lockhart was able to persuade the authorities to release Moura while he himself was exchanged for the Russian Ambassador in London. He wrote rather ineptly that Moura accepted their parting "with Russian fatalism."

Moura went twice more to prison: once for a two-month period when she was falsely arrested after a raid on a household suspected of black-marketeering, and on another occasion for four months when she tried to leave the country without permission.

It was while she was in prison that her husband was killed by the newly independent Estonians. Von Benckendorff was one of the Baltic landowners whose presence was deeply re-

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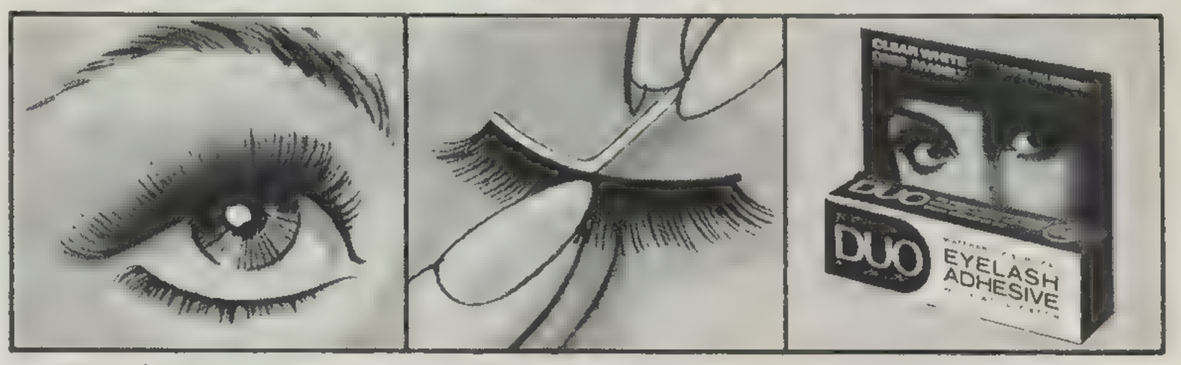
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MOURA BUDBERG

(Continued from page 209)

sented. The family estates were appropriated, though the owners were allowed to keep one cottage in compensation. Here Moura's son and daughter lived with their governess, watched over by relatives of her husband, until they eventually joined their mother in England.

Due to Gorki's considerable standing with the Bolshevik régime, Moura was freed from prison in 1919 and went to live among Gorki's community of friends. Around him had gathered a grand duke, two painters, a writer, a poet, friends who sought refuge under the wing of this popular writer. Moura embraced the new world with enthusiasm. Her husband had been killed, her children were in Estonia, her parents were both dead, her property had been sequestered, most of her friends and relatives had left the country. Yet in this post-Revolutionary Russia, she found great excitement and "in spite of everything I was very hopeful, and I was happy."

She admired Gorki not so much for his revolutionary stand as for his fight to preserve cultural life. Here is Moura's description of him: "He was a really wonderful man, serious and gay and energetic and compassionate. He was probably much more important as a person than he was as a writer. He was on very good terms with Lenin, but Lenin was a politician, and Gorki disliked politics and didn't understand them though he couldn't help but be involved. What he liked was civilization."

In 1921 Gorki managed to arrange a visit for Moura to Estonia to see her children. On that visit she met Baron Budberg, who had been a friend of her husband's, and she married him. It seemed an improbable match and her own explanation —that she had just come out of Russia and wanted to reconstruct her life—is not instructive. Budberg, alas, was a gambler: "A real gambler you know, and I simply couldn't afford to pay his debts. I bought him a one-way ticket to Brazil," Moura concluded, "and to this day we exchange very amicable Christmas cards."

In 1922 Moura joined Gorki as his companion and secretary, first in Berlin and then in Czechoslovakia. He had left Russia suffering from tuberculosis and took this circuitous route to Italy while waiting for a visa. In the meantime she worked as a literary agent, helping to get Thomas Mann, Bruno Frank, and other writers translated into English.

It was in Berlin that Moura and Gorki first met Isadora Duncan, who came to visit them in their hotel with her dashing Russian lover, Sergei Yesenin. "She wore very flowing clothes like veils to conceal the fact she was horribly bloated from drink. But when she began to dance she was magical, partly because of the movement of her clothes, which she controlled very well."

Frank Harris came to see them, too. He talked of his sexual exploits while Moura translated her own censored version for Gorki, who was rather prudish.

In Italy they took a villa in Sorrento and to visit them came Russian writers like Isaak Babel and Leonid Leonov, and young unknown writers to pay homage. At one time their agreeable life was interrupted by Mussolini's police who tailed them persistently. So angry was Moura at the intrusion that she arranged a meeting with Mussolini, in order to complain, and only Moura with her network of friends could have arranged it so easily.

"I went to the room where he was waiting," Moura reported, "and I told him that I was very surprised about being followed. 'You gave Gorki a visa and you ought to treat him with consideration.' To which Mussolini answered: 'Oh it's not Gorki, it's you. We've had a denunciation of you from a Russian émigré, and although we don't believe all we hear, I think that it is rather strange that you, Baroness Budberg, should be on such close terms with a man of the people like Maxim Gorki.' To which I replied, 'Well, don't people change? You, after all, were the editor of that left-wing journal *Avanti!*.' And I must say he had the good grace, which I think Hitler would not have had, to roar with laughter. After that we were followed no more."

It was a happy period of her life during which Gorki returned to Russia for several months a year, and Moura travelled to Estonia to visit her children. But in 1933, feeling increasingly homesick, Gorki decided to return to Russia for good. Moura did not go with him, believing that her presence would do him harm. Three years later, at the age of sixty-eight he died. "He had got hold of my imagination," Moura says. "He was the one that I missed the most."

For Gorki, Moura had been *femme inspiratrice* and friend. She once consoled a girl in the depths of despair over a love affair by telling her: "Darling, lovers don't matter at all." Friendship mattered. Never a courtesan, never materially greedy, she has a nature too large for either.

Moura came to live in England in 1928, bringing with her a string of pearls that she had smuggled through Estonia in her mouth, and later sold for £600 (about $3,000). In London she took a job as a literary agent and lived in a room opposite the British Museum, and some years later her children joined her.

About this time and until his death in 1946, Moura became the companion and friend of H. G. Wells. His relationship with Rebecca West had been long over, and in 1927 his wife, Jane, had died. He had met Moura first in 1914 in Russia and later with Gorki when she had acted as translator for them. Wells was at the height of his career, a literary lion whom Lovat Dickson described in his recent biography as "seeing more clearly than any of his contemporaries the way the world was going."

Wells adored Moura and would tell his friends, "You see I have a wife but she won't marry me." Moura had firmly refused: "I did not want to marry anybody," she explained. "I thought we were getting on much better without it. For the very young it's a different matter. But I was forty and that is much too late to marry. By that time you are used to your own habits and you have your own friends, while the desire to possess is less strong. I'd felt very possessive with my first husband, and probably if he had not been killed and there had been no Revolution, I should now have eight children and be living in the country surrounded by animals and governesses."

Wells used to love to drive, and he and Moura together travelled a great deal. Moura enormously enjoyed this original man both as a wit and raconteur, while remaining disinterested in his political views. She said that since his death, no man has mattered in her life. Her tendency to choose great men as companions did, however, tempt Bertrand Russell to send her a telegram after Wells's death to read, "The place is vacant."

Moura turned to the comfort and entertainment of her friends. She had always entertained at least once a week and to her apartment had come among many, Lady Diana Cooper, the Oliviers, and the parents of Peter Ustinov (Moura recalls how they would wake up Peter as a child to get him to imitate his relatives). Lady Ottoline Morrell had been a close friend, and Moura describes her as very bright, alive, sharp-tongued, and eccentrically dressed in brocade dresses and wide hats of the period of Charles II. Lady Ottoline's brother, the Duke of Portland, would scold her for dressing in such an extraordinary way and so to please him she once dressed in a coat and skirt. When she came to meet him, he looked at her and said, "Ottoline, go back to your room and change at once. You look obscene!" "And he was quite right."

Moura discovered during the war that apart from the company of her friends all she really wanted was a taxi permanently on tap and a bottle of gin. The voluminous bag in which she carries her bottle of gin or vodka also holds an enormous diary full of notes and clippings, along with several books and a collection of small presents for children. Today she is never without this container.

The period directly after the war and after Wells's death was probably her least buoyant. She was financially pressed, she underwent a serious operation, she was no longer young. Yet only her closest friends can recall that she showed any distress. The man to whom she turned during these years for friendship and for work was Sir Alexander Korda, the film impresario. She recalled that he was "full of wit and erudition and we used to compete with each other as to who had read the most. I liked his enthusiasm, that fantastic keenness about his work."

Korda gave Moura a weekly salary for advising on his films, and she in turn was a sort of godmother to everything he did. At his funeral, a friend recalls, Moura was like the dowager queen.

Since Korda's death Sam Spiegel has employed Moura in a similar job, and friends recall with some surprise that Moura was a research adviser on *Lawrence of Arabia.*

In recent years Moura's career has bounded ahead. In 1967 she made a first-class translation of *The Three Sisters* for Sir Laurence Olivier's National Theatre of England. She adapted *The Sea Gull* for Sidney Lumet's film version. She has appeared eccentrically cast in several films and is at the moment advising on Spiegel's production of *Nicholas and Alexandra.*

Age does not distress her unduly though she says it has made her care about clothes. "Noël Coward said to me the other day, 'What I like about you is that you always look so soignée,' and I thought that the older I got the more must I look soignée."

On her seventieth birthday her friends gathered together and presented her with a large cheque. To her birthday party came Lord Gladwyn and his wife, Lord Boothby, Lady Diana Cooper, L. P. Hartley, Sir Carol Reed, Hamish Hamilton, and many more. The writer Michael Burn made a speech in which he reminded his audience that Moura had accompanied Tolstoi to the Crimean War and had had a famous row with Florence Nightingale. Both inventions misfired since the audience accepted the information as perfectly true.

Moura Budberg is deeply Russian and, according to Peter Ustinov, the more she talks English the more Russian she becomes. When she went to stay with the Ustinovs in Rome, they put her into a ground-floor bedroom. At breakfast the next morning she announced: "Incidentally a burglar broke in last night. I found him leaning into my window, took a hairbrush and hit him." Peter Ustinov thought it very Russian that she should have forgotten to mention it earlier.

Peter Ustinov went to Moscow with her in 1961, her second journey since 1921, and together they visited Madame Gorki with whom Moura had always been on good terms. (After a visit to Madame Chaim Weizmann in Israel, someone said that she should spend all her time visiting the widows of great men. And Moura who bears no love for General Charles de Gaulle replied, "One widow I can't wait to stay with is Yvonne de Gaulle.")

On the first day of her visit with Ustinov, Moura hailed a policeman outside the Moskva Hotel and demanded a taxi. "I am a militiaman," replied the policeman sternly, "and I control traffic." To which Moura replied, "Don't give me that nonsense. Find me a taxi. I'm an old comrade and where are your manners." "He was reduced to tears," reported Peter Ustinov, "and he found her a cab."

As a patriot, she is exceedingly critical about Russians whom she considers to have behaved badly. Of the writer Anatoly Kuznetsov's bolt to the West, she said, "For such a minor talent, I thought his action excessive." She concedes that Russian writers should be published in the West, but deplores the sensationalism that goes with their publication. She thought Svetlana Alliluyeva's first book was: "a work of a spoiled woman who pretended that she knew nothing about what was happening. So exhibitionist," she added—as if that were the ultimate sin.

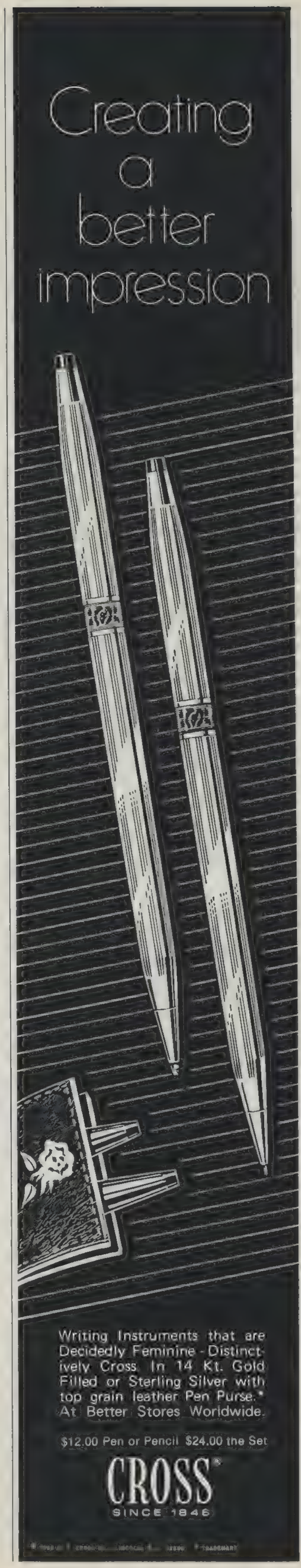
She knew and was fond of Boris Pasternak, whom she visited shortly before his death, but she is critical of *Doctor Zhivago* ("The characters are rather cardboard, don't you think?"). "I believe he was a poet rather than a prose writer, though 'The Childhood of Luvers' was very good." She met Solzhenitsyn on a recent trip to Moscow and admired him enormously. "*He* would not leave."

She is frequently on the telephone to Moscow, holding on at the end of a bad line, flicking one nail against the other impatiently, for the telephone is very much her lifeline.

When she is not telephoning her friends, meeting them for lunch (she hates to eat alone), or insisting they come and drink vodka with her, she is very often travelling. She usually arrives in the country dressed in the same veil and silk or wool dress she wears in London, and there she will build herself immediately into the best chair, since she is nothing if not adaptable. She often spends the weekend in the Gloucestershire cottage of Nadia Benois, Peter Ustinov's mother. On Saturday morning she telephones a racing bet to her bookie; she never goes to the races, only reads about them. She is quite uninhibited, which Nadia Benois says is very Russian, and will walk naked across the cottage to the bathroom holding her little belongings cupped in her hands.

By noon she turns to Scrabble and crossword puzzles. But her favourite entertainment is a children's television program about two pigs called Perky and Pinky, also much favoured by her grandchildren. On Monday she returns to London and to her work. Her life has never been cushioned, and over the years she has learned to survive by disciplining and developing her resources. "I am naturally lazy though that is a fault I have changed in my character, by necessity. If I were rich, of course, I should travel and read, read and travel, and that is all I would do."

She would not refuse, I imagine, a companion or two for the journey and a bottle of vodka.





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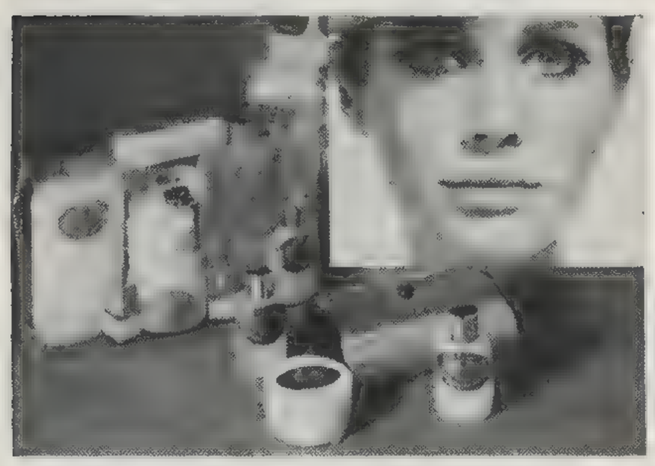
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BRIGHT HAIR

(Continued from page 115)

Marchesa Casati stalked through parties—devastating and ensnaring—with her hair tinted yellow-red and striped like a tiger. Once she had streaks of gold and vermilion for weeks afterwards. . . . Daisy Fellowes went to an Oriental ball and wore a lacquered Japanese wig. Her eyes were navy-blue; and eventually her hair became the wonderful smoky shade of blue fox. . . . Ida Rubinstein danced a triumphant, blue-tressed Cléopâtre in a Diaghilev ballet in Paris. Boris Kochno (whose elaborate memoir of the Diaghilev scene will soon be published in New York) still remembers an unknown beauty in the audience one night—her long elegant neck wrapped in emeralds, her close-cropped hair lacquered silvery-green. During the entr'acte people stood on their chairs to see her.

Yet for centuries vivid hair had been the fashion—perhaps the privilege—of kings, queens, nobles, the élite of the highest civilizations. Ancient Romans—as readily lured by blondes as their present descendants—were probably the reason why aristocratic women dyed their hair yellow. Or blazing auburn with a soap made by the Germans from a Gallic formula and shipped to the perfumers of Italy. The Empress Faustina, wife of Marcus Aurelius, owned several hundred wigs of many colours and was copied by other women of fashion. They must have looked very like the fantasy people in the film *Fellini Satyricon.*

In the reign of Charles IX, son of Catherine de Médicis, French beauties—like the Italians—were not content with turning their hair lion-colour or *fauve,* but often stained it with walnut juice, saffron, or "Venetian waters." Or powdered it with violet or rust. Flamboyance had also been the fashion when his father, Henri II, ruled. Henri's daughter, Marguerite de Valois—later "La Reine Margot," married for a time to Henri IV, the first of the Bourbon monarchs—adored blond hair. As she was brunette, she would have only fair pages to serve her, kneeling. After running her fingers through their yellow curls, which she used as napkins, she had them shorn, one after another, and adorned her own dark head with their golden fleece. In those days of Henri IV—rather a Pericles of Paris—hair was powdered with colours mixed with starch: violet for dark ladies, iris for blond, cypress oil for the others. Country women used flour.

In France—with all these *folies*—golden hair was still most triumphantly à la mode from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries.

The sharp chop of the guillotine put an end to this coiffure madness, to the colour and the extravaganzas of the Louis ladies who puffed and stacked their hair with clocks, books, garlands, ostrich plumes, and ships in full sail.

Fin. . . . Until. . . . After the terror, twenty-one-year-old Thérésa de Cabarrus—her head saved by Tallien—married the man and revived coloured wigs. She had at least thirty in graded tonalities that were the envy of Joséphine de Beauharnais, later the wife of Napoleon. Madame Tallien wore transparent blouses—the kind Yves Saint Laurent made several seasons ago—and went to the theatre with "bare breasts caught in a diamond net."

Surely there is no end. When Misia Sert, confidante of musicians, poets, writers, painters, friend of Diaghilev, and ultimately the wife of the Spanish artist José-Maria Sert, saw Lady Ottoline Morrell at a garden party, she reported, "Lady Ottoline's hair exactly matched the sunset." (Only Bertrand Russell, confidante of Lady Ottoline, was intellectual enough to believe it natural.) . . . When the Baronne Catherine d'Erlanger went to see Misia Sert, her first impulse was to call the *pompiers*—"Catherine's hair was on fire."

Was it Misia Sert who said Baudelaire dyed his hair green? According to James Huneker's *Egoists,* "Baudelaire visited the writer Maxime du Camp in Paris, and his hair was violently green. Du Camp said nothing. Angered by this indifference, Baudelaire asked: 'You find nothing abnormal about me?' 'No,' was the answer. 'But my hair—it is green!' 'That is not singular, *mon cher* Baudelaire; everyone has hair more or less green in Paris.' Disappointed in not creating a sensation, Baudelaire went to a café, gulped down two large bottles of Burgundy, and asked the waiter to remove the water, as water was a disagreeable sight for him; then he went away in a rage. . . . The joke of the green hair has been disposed of . . . Baudelaire's hair thinning after an illness, he had his head shaved and painted with a salve of a green hue, hoping thereby to escape baldness. . . ." Recently Otto Preminger explained on television that though he runs his electric razor over his head daily, "my two children say I have long green hair."

In the 'twenties, white-haired Lady Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe) amazed Europe and America by her blue and mauve rinses. Soon everyone was using them.

"But rinses are dull," said a youngish grey-haired friend of mine recently. "Better be courageous than mousey. Why not have gay, frank 'Yellow Submarine' hair?"

And she dyed her hair turquoise.

She looks sensational.

So does her husband—he has coral curls, and their son calls him "Orange Pop" and wants his own hair pea-pod green.

If I took a flower catalogue to Alexandre would he do my head in yellow, red, and green parrot-tulip streaks? Or would a dark-red, white-tipped dahlia effect, like Aubrey Beardsley's drawings of petal-haired women, be newer?

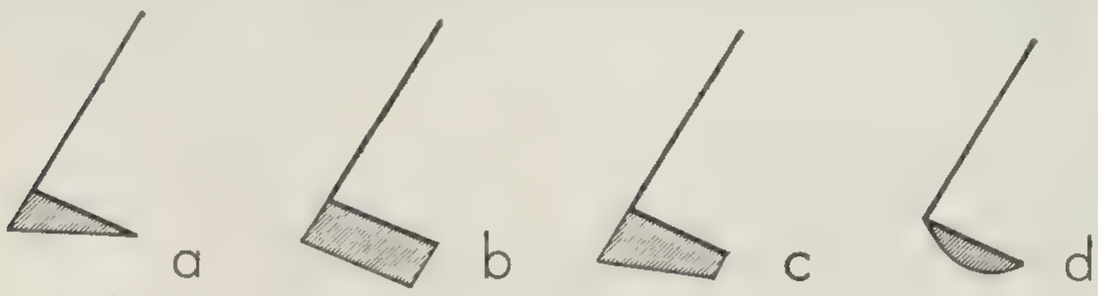
Is deep indigo, emerald, or flaming violet hair a sign of decadence or vitality? Does it show a deep atavistic instinct? . . . Listen to Picasso: When a pompous British banker told him that he had never been an admirer but that after walking through the park one day he was obliged to confess that "many people and things have the aspects you give them on canvas," Picasso answered, "*En fin,* it was time nature began to understand."

NOSES

(Continued from page 139)

also scooped out, to compensate for the inevitable telescoping of the skin over a suddenly shortened framework. The excision of a triangle (a) from the septum tilts a nose; excision of a rectangle (b) shortens it; of a trapezoid (c), shortens *and* tilts it; excising an ellipse (d) repairs a hanging columella.

To narrow the nose, the surgeon performs a carefully designed fracture of the bone plates and presses them with his thumbs into the new, slender position. The last step is the suturing of the mucosa—the nose lining—which requires the lightest stitches a tailor ever sewed on the most difficult of materials. The *very* last step, necessary only in case the lowering of the bridge has made the wings collapse, requires a triangular or diamond-shaped excision at the base of each nostril, which will draw the wings together, with only two tiny barely visible scars.



FROM: "PLASTIC SURGERY" BY GRABB AND SMITH (LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY)

It is a forty-five-minute operation, with seventy-two hours in the hospital and one week of bandages. The dreaded black-and-blue-eyes after-effect and the swelling vary greatly with the patient's kind of skin and his healing capacity. It varies also with the skill of the surgeon; especially if he narrows the nose, a firm, knowledgeable handling of the bones is important to avoid bruises and to prevent the bones from resuming their previous position.

And then there are the other people: the ones with *not enough* nose. A nose twisted or flattened out by accident, a baby nose on an adult face, a bottle nose, a saddle nose, a calf nose, an abbreviated nose with an exaggeratedly uptilted tip and large, soft-edged nostrils, or a nose overly trimmed by surgery—unless she is out to fabricate one of her monsters, Nature is rarely as clumsy as an inept surgeon—can be just as intolerable as a too large nose. This is the time to *add* rather than to remove. It is an operation that most challenges and gives pride to the plastic surgeon, especially when he can build up the profile entirely through skill and ingenuity, utilizing the body's own resources.

Through an incision high up in one of the vestibules, the surgeon dissects, straight along the depressed bridge, a pocket in which he later inserts an implant to build up the bridge. A sliver from the patient's hipbone or from the rib cartilage, or else a piece of solid silicone provides the implant. The first two are better because they are living material belonging to the same body and will knit in place; other surgeons prefer silicone, for it is relatively safe from infections and resorption (the human body often absorbs its own cartilage grafts), easier to carve, and it avoids additional scars, and is non-allergenic.

The implant is shaped: underneath, where it will contact the nose bridge, so as to fit exactly in the pocket without later shifting; on the upper surface, which will become the new contour of the nose, adjusted to fit the patient's face. If the tip also needs support, the implant is L-shaped and is inserted through an incision in the columella or the lower part of the septum.

Because of the amazing elastic property of the skin and mucosa, they both will stretch over the new, more substantial and graceful framework without difficulty. A few days of antibiotics, five days in the hospital, and bi-weekly checking of the bandages until the incision has healed—three or four weeks.

To find a good plastic surgeon can be difficult, and I don't believe there are definite rules. But it is reassuring, for instance, if the surgeon your doctor recommended is the same surgeon who has done a beautiful job on your friend *and* is on the staff of a leading hospital.

Noses eroded by burns, furrowed by severe cases of measles, destroyed by cancer . . . some of the women in the waiting room of a plastic surgeon may not even know that the man who will shortly be listening, earnestly, to the story of the hump on their noses and will correct them, has spent his morning in the hospital doing all kinds of plastic surgery, and probably rhinoplasty at its most basic, dramatic level, that of total reconstruction. Its goal: the merciful anonymity of normality, which is but the starting point of cosmetic rhinoplasty in its drive to achieve beauty.

Amazingly, the modern technique is basically the same as that devised centuries ago by the Hindu caste of brickmakers to rebuild the noses of prisoners of war and unfaithful wives, the most common victims of the old Indian punitive system. Now, as then, the nose is remade with a skin graft taken from the patient's forehead. A skin flap is sliced off on three sides—the fourth is left attached to the forehead to ensure blood supply—and is rotated down to cover the nose wound. The fourth side will be detached only when the skin flap has properly "taken": after about two or three weeks.

The Hindus knew then what holds true today: the skin of the forehead matches perfectly in colour and texture that of the normal nose and is the best donor site for a nose reconstruction. Sometimes, however, other sites, such as the forearm and abdomen, have to be used instead. The wound on the forehead is grafted, in turn, with skin from the lower neck. As a pattern for the skin flap, the Hindus used a sheet of wax bent to form a suitable nose pyramid, then flattened it over the forehead to delineate the amount of skin needed. Modern surgeons have switched to aluminum foil. The Hindus had to rely on scar tissue to ensure the new nose a certain firmness. A major contemporary innovation: the insertion, a month after the soft tissue replacement, of a framework to

(Continued on page 215)



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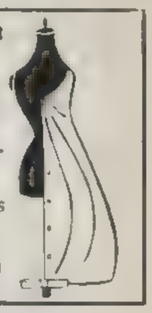
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NOSES

(Continued from page 213)

sustain the skin, as a real nose does. Again, it might be a fragment from the hipbone, rib cartilage, or silicone.

With the exception of reconstruction, when scars necessarily have to show, what can a woman expect from a nose operation done for aesthetic reasons? I would say: good functioning of the organ; a shape that is both attractive *and* suited to her face; an appearance that does not suggest surgery was ever done. Whatever her nose problems were, a woman should have the right to forget, even deny with impunity that there has been surgery.

A woman may or may not know what her face needs; very often she only has a feeling of discontent or merely a yearning for one type of nose she has chosen regardless of whether it becomes her or not. It is up to the surgeon, then, to know when to refuse to shorten a nose, if, for instance, a slightly too long lip, unnoticeable before, might suddenly be revealed. Or to refuse to slim a nose when a hefty, intruding chin may be no longer balanced by the original, equally hefty nose. Or, in the case of a weak chin over which the nose seems to protrude almost like a beak, he might explain to the patient that what she really needs—unless there exists a more serious problem involving the entire structure of the mouth—is not *reduction* of the nose but *augmentation* of the chin: a slice of silicone to be implanted, scarlessly, in the chin from inside the mouth.

The nose is a peninsula, never an island; it makes no sense unless considered in relation to the mainland—the face. The fine surgeon follows the routine, the procedures he has learned were the best, but the routine never extends to the *shape* of a specific nose. The fine surgeon leaves in the little imperfection, the amusing, the personal, the ancestral quality of a nose; he just minimizes them if they don't harmonize with the face. Like the slight stutter the consummate BBC announcers of pre-Beatles England deliberately intruded in their otherwise flawless enunciation, a little irregularity is more interesting, sensual, and ultimately more beautiful than perfection. Perfect noses are boring.

Even Leonardo da Vinci must have thought so, in spite of the "anthropometric system" he devised to establish the ideal proportions for the human body. The ideal nose, he explained, has a frontal width equal to half of its length, and, in the profile, to the distance from the tip to either wing. The length of the nose, in turn, is one third of the length of the face. Yet he created unforgettable "irregular" noses on men, women, Madonnas, and Infant Jesuses.

In fact, there is a kind of irregular nose that is particularly beautiful: the *strong* nose. It is neither small nor especially big, it follows no fashion, and has never really gone out of style. It was there when the Greek nose alone was considered the nose of gods and is still here, when retroussé noses are born and produced by the thousands. Above all, there is not one kind alone: they may have a high bridge and come down in a straight arrow —the nose of a Minerva; or a pronounced cleavage followed by a gentle curve; a diamond-shaped tip flanked by long, oval nostrils and high, sculptured wings, like Pavlova's. Or it is the narrow, sinuous nose of a Spanish duchess, with sensitive, slightly flaring nostrils. There is the sensual nose of Cleopatra—"had it been shorter, the whole aspect of the world would have been altered," wrote Pascal—the bejewelled noses of highborn Indian women; the static, velvety noses, a combination of the Greek and the Semitic, of certain Armenian women.

Difficult to "wear," requiring character, bearing, the regal instinct of a Maharani, the strong nose ought to be saved from surgical extinction. The wrong nose should be corrected, but perfect noses *are* boring.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article on Nose Surgery is one of several about cosmetic and reconstructive surgery which will appear in book form and will be published by Delacorte Press.



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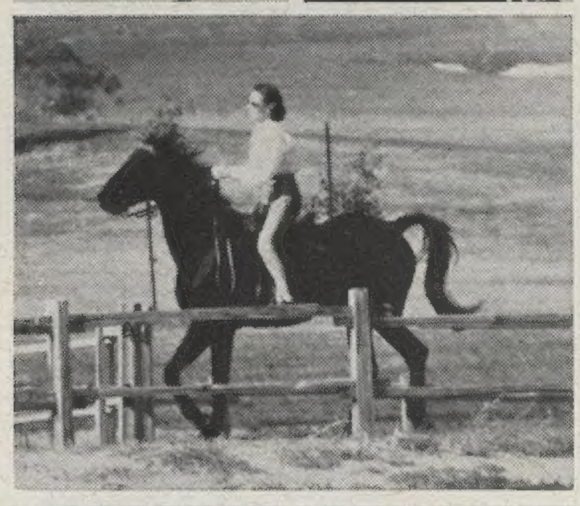
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BEAUTY

(Continued from page 123)

Man's life is a time of growth into true humanity; an individual who lacks this dynamism can not have the youthfulness of mind which gives to beauty an ever fresh and enduring quality. Biological needs as creative factors will always play a part in the appeal of the human form but sophistication means a refinement of taste and love for those superior qualities which are acquired through self-discipline and culture. Intelligence and kindness, poise and gentleness, truth and goodness are revealed in the eyes and face, making a person interesting or adorable—or both.

As taste develops the mind changes and with it also the physical form, which becomes the medium of expression of intangible depths and mystery and loveliness of spirit. A slender body, sinuous, lissome and vital, catches attention but no decorative allurements can conjure up the subtle and elusive qualities on which the appeal of deep beauty rests.

Adornment without true feelings can not long keep alive even the flames of passion—not to speak of inspiring lasting love. A personality that inspires the love and adoration for which the heart longs, holds us in captivity by its eternally fascinating sweetness and mystique.

There is a type of beauty that awakens an awareness of our spiritual essence. It is for this reason an ideal beauty will always be a woman of feeling and form, a mother at heart, at whose touch the soul finds its ultimate expression and life fulfillment in pure joy and expansion of being.

An Indian poet sang of two types of beauty, one the seductive courtesan of heaven: "The desired of men, she who laughs and plucks the minds of the wise from their cold meditations and of fools from their emptiness; and scatters them like seeds with careless hands in the extravagant winds of March, in the flowering frenzy of May."

The other is the mother: "The crowned queen of heaven —she who in the harvest time brings straying hearts to the smile sweet as tears, the beauty deep as the sea of silence, brings them to the temple of the Unknown."

Enduring beauty rests on character, the aristocracy of mind from which flow natural strength and self-assurance, poise and charm, gentleness, grace, and serenity. There is in each of us the power and perfection of spirit. Education and culture in the broad sense are the manifestation of that power and perfection. We enhance beauty and appeal through discipline.

We need a vision of what the fundamental truth of the self is in order to grow. The daily practice of awareness of the essential self gives us depth, alters our personalities, and changes our looks.

We are drawn to looks which do not betray but reveal an inner radiance, which intensifies the consciousness of our own personalities, which "makes us alive." Health and disease are both contagious; we want to be near those who elevate and extend our minds. The pollution today is not only ecological, but also aesthetic and psychological; it threatens us physically and spiritually. Through the youth of today life calls from the dead past to a new life of exact values, clean air, healthful food and honest feelings. This is the secret and their attractiveness.

I have dwelt on the fundamental factor of beauty in a civilized society—the factor of personality which can be intensified through discipline. In this age of affluence, education, and leisure no girl needs to be unattractive. There are other factors which surely need attention: proper exercise which builds a firm, flexible and streamlined body; fresh, clean food which builds healthy blood and a good skin; rest and thinking which are the vitamins and minerals of mind.

Finally, the decorative entrancements too have their right place in life; alluring, enticing, and catching are womanly virtues when they are part of the creative purpose of life like the brightness and redolence of flowers waving in the sun and luring bees to their honey.

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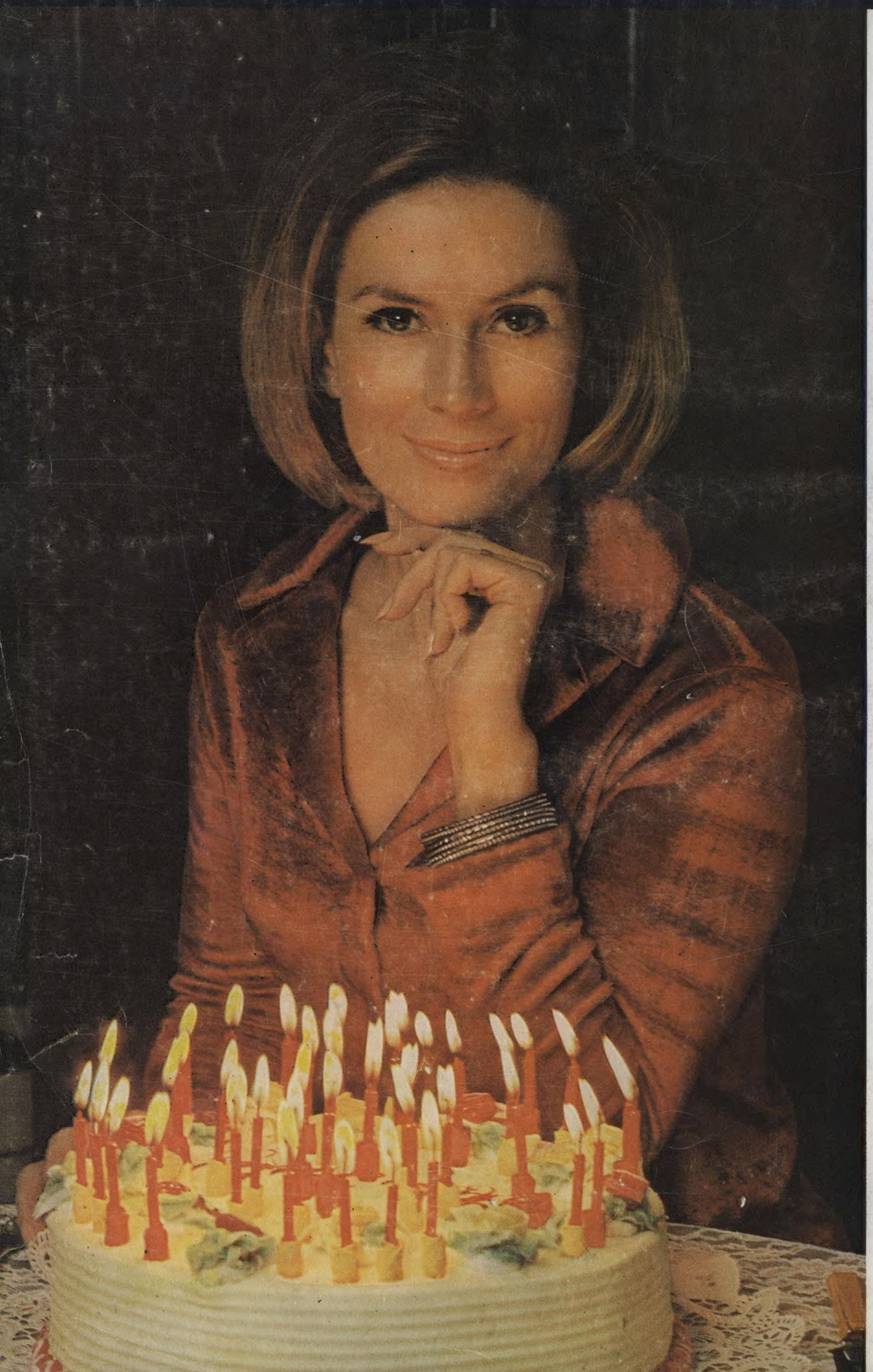
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